

Esquire

NICHOLAS PILEGGI ON MOB LOVE IN VEGAS

LENO HANGS TOUGH

A Late-Night Survivor's Tale
BY BILL ZEHME

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
OCTOBER 1995 • \$3.00

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How to Get Rich Slowly

GREGORY JAYNES

Jimmy Carter's Nobel Lust

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Reality Check

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The Esquire Guide

Having a Heart Attack

145

Could that chest pain be the big one or just angina? From good cholesterol to bad habits, some heartwarming advice on maintaining the little engine that could.
By David Noonan



Gentleman

Turn-of-the-Century Chic Synthetic fabrics with a retro appeal to take you into the next millennium. **153**

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Gore Delights

FOUND YOUR ARTICLE on Richard Gore, "Born Richard Gore, Got Dismayed," by Michael Gross (July), to be one of the most insightful pieces about him. It was true and to the point, also complex, and, and very courageous. It's so rare that Gore is trying to stay in touch with his spirituality in this day and age and in his line of work. I'm also glad the gay issue was addressed. We really don't care if he has never been, or isn't anymore. Gore is a really good actor who delights and entertains us—nothing else should matter.

—MARY ANN MILAT
Chesapeake, Md.



Up in Arms

RATHER THAN demonstrate some Repressive new trend, the Behind the Lines in Milita Country article in your July issue illustrates our ancient need to fabricate some far-reaching conspiracy to explain away our own feelings and our natural suspicion of the powers that be. If militia members could reason beyond their paranoia, they would realize that the federal bureaucracy and the United Nations can barely manage themselves let alone pull off some elaborate and clandestine assault on the American people.

—RICHARD D. SEM
Hudson, N.H.

ENJOYED ENTHUSIASMICALLY for the interviews and for the insight into the world of men it provides. Although I'd hardly cracked the July issue, my admiring heart rate made it clear that the cover of *Esquire*, Gore appealed to my primal male side. I hope my main aquaintance doesn't question this squirming state of behavior.

—KIMBERLE A. DOTSETH
San Diego, Calif.

AS I WAS COMING UP THE STAIR, I met a man who wasn't there. He wasn't there again today. But what the hell, I interviewed him anyway.

—STUART JAMES WATSON
Nashville, Tenn.

APPLIED RICHARD GORE's apparent devotion to Tibetan Buddhism, but I question whether he truly understands its principles. Biddle seems a cynic in the machinations of Buddha. Gore may have been misguided from the vacuous Cindy Crawford, but I do not believe he was diverted when he begins his affair with Laura Bailey. Perhaps he should reconsider being a poster boy for Tibetan Buddhism.

—ROBERT FRIESE
Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE STRONGEST CASE yet for the First Amendment's guarantee of free speech lies in Denis Johnson's article. Like all fascists, political fringe groups, or religious zealots strong their theses, militiamen expose their propagandas agenda lead and clear using disconcert as a basis for agitprop and wrench

While up boys. Not only aren't you very bright, but you're amateur at the game. A guy named Hitler had you all beat.

—DAN NEEDLEMAN
Montgomery, N.J.

DENIS JOHNSON's thrill about taking vacationers close to nature and being around people who know how to handle guns must have overestimated his capacity for critical thinking. Johnson turned a blind eye to the fanatic elements of the militia so he could indulge his desire to rebel. No, you don't have to be a paranoid, racist gun freak to encourage acts of violence against innocent people in the name of your American rights—you just have to be an apathetic bystander like Johnson.

—RACHEL SKRIN AND
DANIEL FISHER
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Name-dropping

YOUR SUMMER EDITION issue (July) was a tremendous read, of course, but my satisfaction bordered from insightful illustrations. Who are James McMurtry, Owen Smith, and John Collier? Authors are always described, but your illustrations are untiring heroes.

—DAVID LEFFER
North Branford, N.J.

Shortchanged

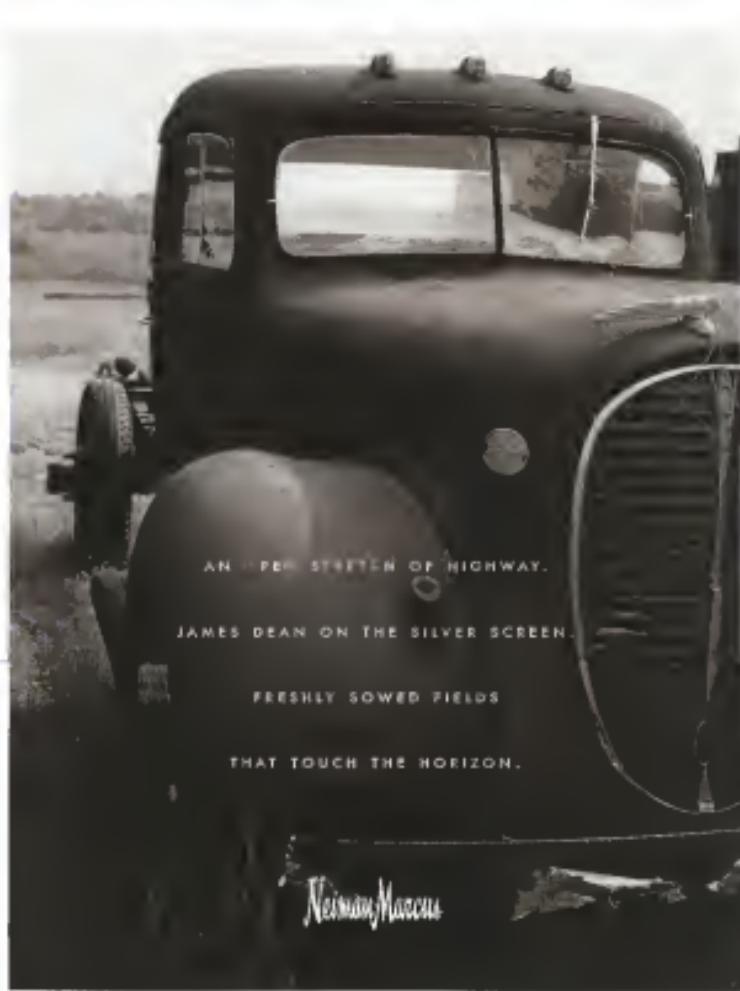
CHIEFTAIN OF RICHARD GORE's in "The Boomers Go Bust" (July)—that our generation will overburden the Social Security system in a few years—is valid. But the problem of our failing to save is due to an economy damaged by leveraged buyouts, downsizing, and the attendant loss of jobs, lower wages, and higher prices. Many of us feel it impossible to "back away" about 40 percent. "Solving" will not be the solution to the economic security of the future elderly any more than the lack of savings by those same persons is the result of some moral shortcoming or of their being spendthrifts.

—JOSEPH F. POWELL III
Meon, Ga.

Leave in the above should be mailed to *The Sound and the Fury*, Esquire, 150 W. 44th St., New York, N.Y. 10036, or sent by fax to 212-541-4000. (Include your full name, address, and daytime phone number.) Letters may be edited for length and clarity.





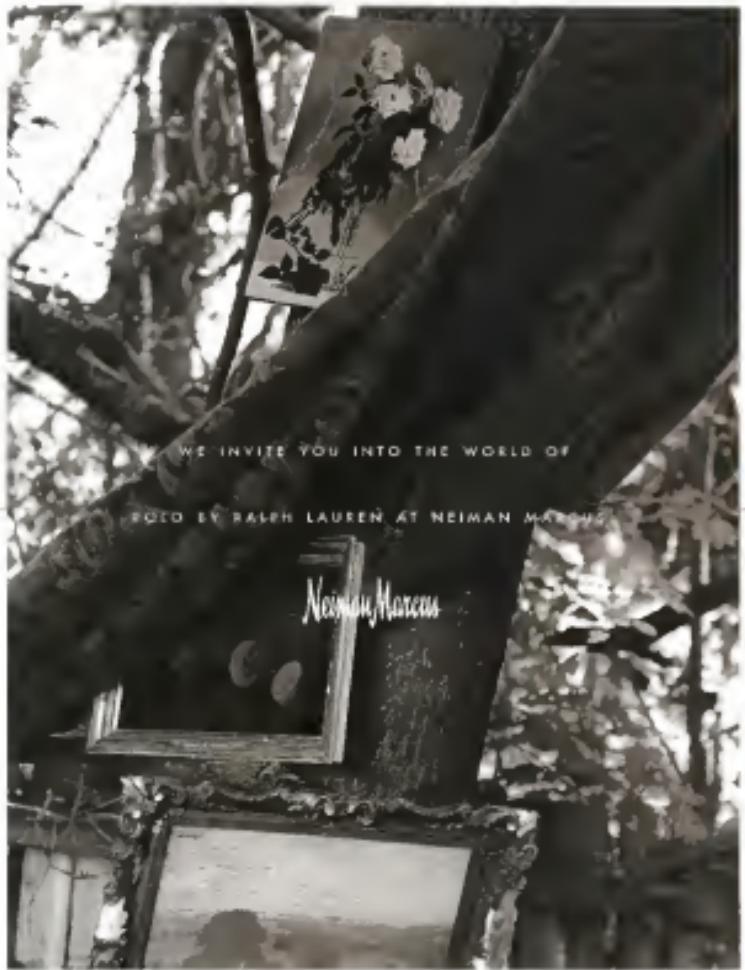




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THE SHOW OF JAY LENO versus David Letterman is a variation on *Cats and Dogs*, says senior writer **Bill Zehme**, speaking uncharacteristically, in biblical terms. "Except they keep changing roles." In other words, "Letterman started out as Johnny Carson's good son, the loyal one, whereas Leno was loyal to the network fathers." But when Letterman left NBC, Reverend Zehme says, "Leno was perceived as the good son."

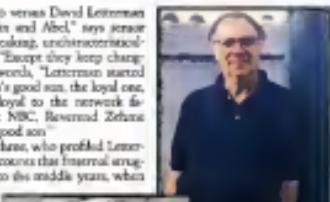
In "Leno Lives" (page 48), Zehme, who profiled Letterman for Esquire last December, recounts that funeral struggle from their comedy-club days to the middle years, when Letterman frequently had Leno on his show ("He loaned Leno a spoon from the land," Zehme says). To the current late-night war, of which Leno was expected to be an early casualty, Bill Zehme believes you can never count Leno (or, in a C-list) out: "He's built for endurance. The only way to stop Jay Leno is if one of his sequels can blow up."

Zehme recently coauthored Roger Philbin's *I'm Only One Man* (Hyperion) and is at work on a biography of the late comedian Andy Kaufman.

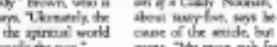
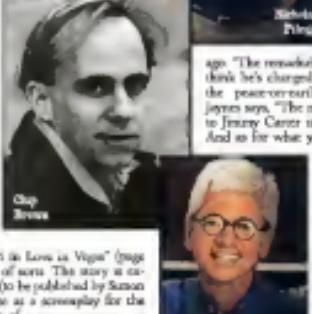
Nicholas Pileggi's "Luffy and Gert in Leno vs. Vegas" (page 106) represents a journalist's list of sins. The story is excerpted from Pileggi's book *Cause* (to be published by Simon & Schuster), which he first wrote as a screenplay for the forthcoming Martin Scorsese film of the same name. John Pasci is illustrated in a portrait with stalks from the novel, starring Robert De Niro and Sharon Stone. Got all that? "That cast in Las Vegas represented the last time the 'Bombers' and the mob would have any power," says Pileggi, who has contributed to Esquire since 1984. "Son of a motherfucker for the end of the mob itself." Pileggi's last book, *Waggy*, was also made into a Scorsese film, *GoodFellas*.

Deepak Chopra walks the line between two cultures, contributing editor **Greg Brown** says of the health guru he profiles this month in "Deepak Chopra Has (Sniff) a Cold" (page 60), "the scientifically proven medical practices and the unproven, spiritually based ideas about the mind and the body." Brown, who is writing a book on alternative medicine, says, "Ultimately, the scientific world is based on doubt, and the spiritual world is based on faith. And Chopra must reconcile the two."

Whatever the next instrumental war, consider, or skip-



Nicholas Pileggi

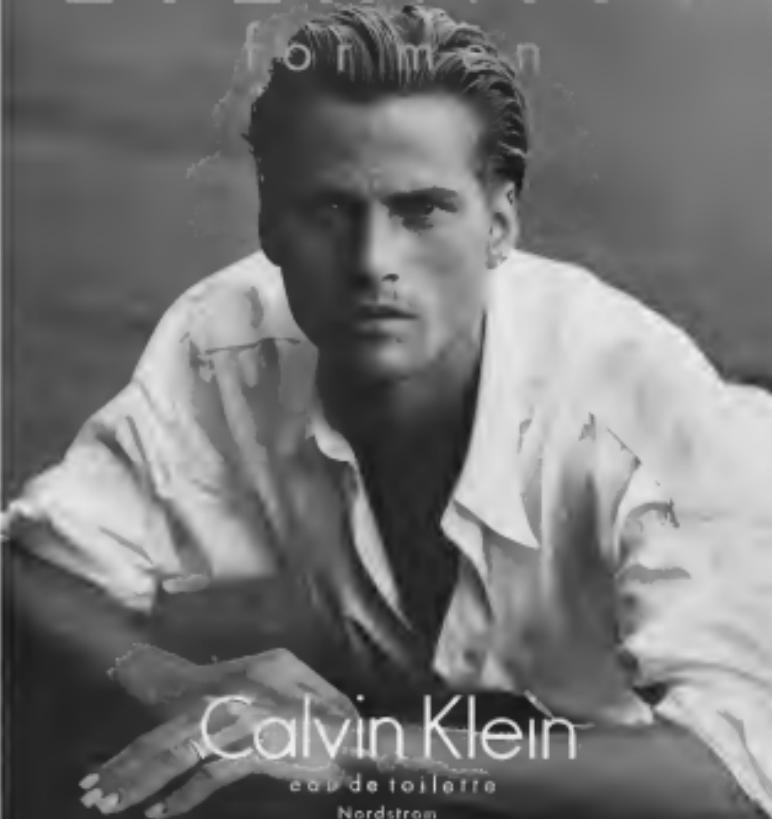


ents explodes, you can be sure that Jimmy Carter will be on a plane, carrying an olive branch. This month, Carter may finally be properly rewarded for all his efforts if the Nobel committee hands him the peace prize ("Eyes on the Prize," page 156). Contributing editor **Gregory Jaynes**, who occasionally covered the Carter administration as a reporter for *The Atlanta Constitution*, says that the ex-president is much the same man he was twenty-five years ago. "The remarkable thing about him is that I don't think he's changed in twenty years," he says. As for the peace-on-earth goodwill toward men persons, Jaynes says, "The most important thing in the world to Jimmy Carter is, How can I be a better person? And as for what you think of him, he could give a happy damn."

The novelist **Mark Helprin** makes his fiction debut in Esquire with a short story—which will be included in a forthcoming collection—about a female French soldier in the days before the Tom Clancy war. Helprin, who served in the French air force and infantry, says that "Last Tan with the Amazons" (page 154) represents his return to writing about the country and also about women. "These days, however, because of ideology, every time you write about a woman or from the point of view of a woman, there are always people looking for impropriety or malice. So I just operate under the rules that were in place before all that ideology." Helprin is the author of *A Soldier of the Great War: What's Left*, and, most recently, *Manus from Ampersand* (Harcourt Brace). He is at work on a nonfiction book about national security.

Longtime Esquire contributor **David Nooren** underwent several heart surgeries as part of his research for this month's Grade, "Having a Heart Attack" (page 95). "You get a different appreciation of how remarkable the body is," says Nooren, author of *Never*, a book about heart surgery and the novel *Memory of a Caddy Noonan*, who has a nursing pulse rate of about forty-five, says he did not change his lifestyle because of the episode, but it did give him occasional chest pains. "My mom ranks better," he says, "in assertivity. But I do play golf—or at least write about it."

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Reality Check

Domestic Affairs

All the President's Women

An ambitious young southerner rises from humble beginnings to become president, marrying along the way but never forgetting his first love, the beautiful blonde he calls Freeny Gail. Though she marries the local rich boy, she is forever drawn to him.

which leads to clandestine meetings, passionate sex, and role playing—Chapman and her slave, anyone?—until his wonnaming threatens his career. Then she must be silenced.

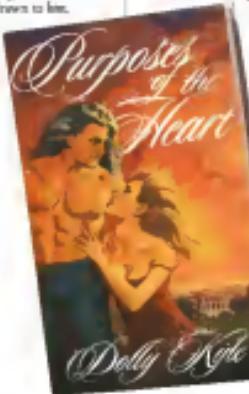
Sounds like a dream enough plot for a novel, but according

to **Dolly Kyle**, it all happened to her, and she is ready to tell all in *Purposes of the Heart*, a memoir she's been writing for twenty-five years since she claims to have had with **Bill Clinton**. Some of the names have been changed—although not very convincingly—to protect the guilty. Nobody was "immature," ("Kelly McGraw," for example, has an affair with "Cameron Coulter"). Coulter marries the dowdy but ambitious "Mallory" and has a fling with "Stacy Tewers," who reveals all to "Be See There," also a lawyer named "Vince Fisher.")

Kyle's agent,

Leanne Goldberg, says, "She wrote the book as therapy. I said, 'Do you want to think about it more?' She said, 'I had thirty years to think about it.'"

Get ready to swoon for **Falstaffa**.



Something

Something Naked This Way Comes

Two days of **Alexander** Dershowitz being caught with his hands in pretty squatting, especially in **2002**, **Simpson's** Boston-based lawyer Dovin Turner was spied by a recent issue of *Flame magazine* that said he was "spotted frolicking naked" on a beach. (If only *Entertainment Weekly* had been there to play a few songs.)

"According to a witness," the magazine reported, Dershowitz is easy to recognize, sun-sensitive, and that he is partly because of his exceptionally wide-brimmed straw hat, but mostly because of his long-green swim trunks." The magazine has the account with a detail from Dershowitz:

At the time **Harold** Gould, staffer went around the denial (which he denies ever making), particularly since they had a photo of Dershowitz, or at least someone who looked like him, on the beach, naked except for the surfboard he was. Now to him was a woman who has a striking resemblance to Dershowitz's wife. The story extrapolating the Gould photo reported that



A bizarre of platonic Dershowitz, baring all?

the "Tarned Harvard defense attorney deserves his place in the sun in the picture because—well, you just can't—his stomach isn't that big."

Dershowitz's wife is now threatening to sue the paper for about \$100,000. She's not claiming that the story's wrong, but that she has had her privacy invaded. Dershowitz would neither confirm nor deny that he was in the photo but said, "Skinny dipping on private beaches on Martha's Vineyard is a long tradition... People swim along pictures of people who are skinny-dipping is not."

Virtual Reality Check

Interface the Nation

THOUGH the New Hampshire primary is months away, presidential candidates are already packing up trailers in cyberspace. The candidates' home pages on the Web feature their positions on the issues, photographs, and, most

important, their signatures. The official Internet head-quarters (www.senatorclinton.com/) has sprung into life with a sea of links and its wits and a striking picture of Alexander holding the *trumbone* (below).

www.senatorclinton.com/ is very aesthetically styled ("Cute or Along?" said www.senatorclinton.com/ spokesman Mark Tamm) and its wits and a striking picture of Alexander holding the *trumbone* (below).

www.senatorclinton.com/ is very aesthetically styled ("Cute or Along?" said www.senatorclinton.com/ spokesman Mark Tamm) and its wits and a striking picture of Alexander holding the *trumbone* (below).



Alexander: Blow, Lazar, Blow.

See Notes

Unlucky Luciano

Lillian Pavarotti could soon be singing the blues in recent months the famed tenor lost out on a gig with the *Pop* when he was photographed cuddling on a hammock with his assistant, twenty-four-year-old Nicoletta Manousou (below), who is said to be the prima donna's prima donna. (The *Visions*, for some reason, had a problem with the fact that Pavarotti has been married for thirty-five years.) Making matters worse, Pavarotti's wife, Adala, is now

suing him for divorce, and under Italian law, if she can prove adultery (and this is not the first time Pavarotti has been linked to an assistant), she could be a very wealthy woman. Guess it isn't over till some young lady sings.

Red, Pavarotti?



Chaos

A New Tricky Dick?

HE MAY HAVE President Clinton's ear these days, but political consultant **Dick Morris** is not so beloved by some of his old colleagues. Morris, who is often called "Clinton's Republic," actually began his consulting career as a liberal Democrat (indeed, Clinton was his first client) but has switched to politics as right as Senate majority whip **Trent Lott** and North Carolina senator **Jim Bunning**. A Washington source says that Morris is not afraid of the campaign staff of



Morris Top cat.

could not be reached for comment.

"People are really raising a lot of questions about Morris and his clients," says a source, "which should make him feel right at home with the current administration." Or **Roger Ailes**.



Pat Paulsen: I'm not

belong to that eternal candidate, candidate, candidate, www.paulsen.com/ (http://www.paulsen.com/). Paulsen has photos of himself with Clinton, and as well as anecdotes to the Constitution. ("The president will be remembered as 'Our Bismarck,'" I

believe) and a photo of himself in a page. Future **WRC** magazine can be accessed at www.paulsen.com/.

Reality Check

Reprints

Something Borrowed, Something Blue Suede

A MAJOR BRIDAL magazine (which shall remain unnamed) recently conducted a survey of its readers, asking them (1) If you could have any individual, living or dead, attend your wedding, who would it be? and (2) If you could have any missing or deceased group past or present, perform at your wedding, which would it be?

The results, which the magazine decided not to publish, were surprising—if not a bit embarrassing—because the same individual placed first in both categories: *Elvis*. In the “guar” category, the King beat out the *Peeps*, who rated our Jesus at number three. (Eligible alternatives: Do you ask either one of those two to perform the ceremony?) Roundout the top ten: *Oprah*.

Walley came in fourth (though don’t invite her and *Elton* if there’s a buffer), beat were *Frank Sinatra*, *Hillary Clinton*, *Barrymore Furt*, *John F. Kennedy* (keep him and *Sandra* away from the bridegroom!), *David Letterman*, and, in tenth place, *Prince* *Charming*.

Most requested man, in reverse order: *Whitney Houston* placed tenth, right behind *Boyz II Men*. *James Taylor* was the eighth most requested, then *Barry Manilow Jr.*, *Garth Brooks*, *Letterman*, and *Sandra*. *The Beatles* ranked third. (Eligible alternatives: Do you have to invite *Toto*?) And for those who want great sex on their wedding night, number two was *Henry G. Gunz* *Menzel* was booked.



Would you want *Elton* to
thrust me at your?

Matte

The Woman Who Loved Men

FEW women look like those blue-collar gals. The woman who received a fabberating sex-in-the-divorce settlement from her husband, television producer *Barbara Lazar*, surprised the world a whole back when she locked her former chauffeur, Peter Phillips, away upstairs to star *Lazar*, her now-defunct magazine for women of a certain age. But the relationship soon became personal—and tumultuous. So Lazar hired Michael Phillips, a professional bodyguard, to watch over her. Once her perceived threat of bodily harm passed, however, Lazar had grown as attached to Phillips that she hired him to help out on her video-and

age. But the relationship soon became personal—and tumultuous. So Lazar hired Michael Phillips, a professional bodyguard, to watch over her. Once her perceived threat of bodily harm passed, however, Lazar had grown as attached to Phillips that she hired him to help out on her video-and

television adventures. (Her latest project is, appropriately enough, a video on women and work.) Can a television supremo be far behind?

Barbie

Wanna Buy Bridges?

It was beginning, there was *The Bridges of Madison County*. And it was暮暮. Then came the *CD*. Then the *Belafonte-Madison County* *Thick*. Then the movie. Then a book about the making of the movie. Then there was the godforsaken perfume. (“*Look, Honey, you know how I get when you wear Bridges...*”) Now, and that is probably not the end of the line, is *Eastwood-Mary*. *Street* (cooper) leapt into action and secured the rights to



Is there a dental plan?



Where it all began: Robert Krocald wrote here.

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The Un-Harley

In 1953, polluters knocked down the Triumph motorcycle factory near Coventry, England, to make way for a public housing project. It seemed a sad end for the great name whose triangular logo had design some of the world's finest motorcycles since the 1947 introduction of the Speed Twin, the fastest and most stable bike of its day. Bono's son one in The Wild One. James Dean and Bob Dylan favored Triumphs, and Elvis owned a biker's dream. But soon, more powerful and less expensive Japanese bikes drove the British Triumph, like the American Harley, to the edge of extinction.

Now, thanks to an injection of entrepreneurial capital, Triumph is back. Its new factory appeared almost overnight, like an alien crop circle, in the green fields of Hinckley, Leicestershire, and it has reinvigorated the American market with a new model lineup. The most dramatic of these is the retro-influenced Thunderbird, a three-cylinder bike for less than \$10,000, which Triumph is offering as the "un-Harley."

Triumph has no Italianate source, but named for it, no special relationship with a famous. "We're not big cartoon characters. The T-head units no dark body panels in neon colors, assumes no Dutch Valley-belted shapes instead, it has traditional choiced "prowhouse" exhausts and the trademark "honeycomb" grille on its gas tank. The effect is less bold's angel than heaven's a classic given a new lease on life—nostalgia come down to earth.

—PAUL PAYTON

The return of the wild one: One of only twenty-five hundred Triumph Thunderbirds headed for shores this year.

BLUFFY BARTENDER



TELEVISION Braugher's Hour

THE TELEVISION HAS never been a character like *Blame*'s Detective Frank Pendleton nor a better than the man who plays him. That Andre Braugher wasn't nominated for an Emmy this year just embarrasses the Emmys.

On TV, longevity has always called for the bumbling Gabe the Cabbie and Reddick's made-of-staff. Not Pendleton. He's astute, cool-tempered, intelligent, sort of human in a not very endearing way. He's been a dad, a wife, an overwound virgin, most grown-ups know it is.

To meet Braugher is to recognize the force behind Pendleton's amiable persona and the respect he commands. On a scorching Saturday afternoon in Baltimore, he's in a jacket and firmly knowing tan. He'll tell a magazine it won't be doing a story about him if it means on photographing him at home (although he does divulge that the actress who plays his wife on the show, Amy Blumen, is, in fact, his wife). Asked by someone who knows Baltimore—where he lives while filming, he says, "Nearby"? No, what neighborhood? "Nearby," he says. "It's friendly, but it's didn't feel safe."

Braugher was raised in Chicago but went out to Stamford to do mechanical engineering. Next thing he knew, he was telling his father, a heavy-equipment operator, that he was playing Cleopatra in a production of *Hamlet* and along his major to drama. Eventually came around. Braugher has since played Macbeth, Iago, Jordan Roberts, and, in *Glory*, a free Negro living in Civil War Boston. Last month, he returned to *The Twilight Zone* on HBO, and later this year, he'll play an avaricious Plan 9 director.

Braugher wanted to play Pendleton. Even his first look at a scrap of Pendleton's character, he says, "Usually when the character is an African-American, he's down or hip or cool or unimportant or speaks in some kind of street lingo. Or he's a molester or some boozey figure, like a police commentator. And I saw the potential for that character, this master of his craft."

Is he destined to play only tough-guy and life-saving roles? "I'd like to play those *Dumb and Dumber* parts," Braugher says, without visible sarcasm, "but Pendleton doesn't. I don't think that's what words."

—JAMES MALANOWSKI

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RALPH LAUREN

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A Kink's Konfession

In 1984, the Kinks, a quartet of plebs from the grimy anonymous busts of north London, crashed their way to the Top of the Pops with a zig-zag arrangement of inspired rock primitivism, "You Really Got Me," and hit the road. Ray Davies, another am-school music metamorphosed into rock 'n' roll heartthrob, was their shaggyneuric ideologue and poet laureate. Now, more than a few spad

bumps later, Davies has crashed past the half-century mark, with plenty of that time scattered in pieces on the sand behind him. What does he do? Well, Davies was always the most wistfully of the British. I've always been the most wistfully of the British. So he concocts an extraordinary "unauthorized autobiography," *X-Ray* (Charlton Press)—a dyspeptic, dyspeptic novel in which, some time after the mellofication, a family-haunted, acolyte



Lif's on the road: The author

very subjective recollection of his lonely battle to get "You Really Got Me" right goes straight into the canon of rock 'n' roll mythology.

Esky's True Paternity

ON THE HEELS OF *It Wasn't Pretty, Folks, But Still It's True* (Warner), Carol Flagg's collection of *Esquire* in the 1960s (see our August 1996 issue), comes Hugh Mervin's *Esky: The Early Years at Esquire* (Knopf), which retraces our past from the literary 1920s to the newspaper battles of the 1940s with astute postscriptual general. Along the way, Merrill inserts some unexpected tributes (for example, that ver monst. Esky whileirkly modeled after that Ben Bernanke cover status—sprung first from the pen of *Esquire* cartoonist E. Simon Campbell). As such, Esky belongs to the great American pop-cultural arena of mutual mockery, of badness and whiteness. Esky was the hyperbolic homunculus who presided over the gaudious world

depicted in the pages of *Esquire*, a world that an African-American creator was too often barred from. Esky's godfather, legendary cartoonist and editor Arnold Rothstein, endorsed Campbell's work, and *Esquire* carried it in every issue until the cartoonist's death in 1951. After 1951, though, Campbell met his work from Switzerland, owing, dryly, "You know... I can't walk into any joint I want to, and nobody starts looking at me if they're thinking, 'Doh, there's a nigger in here.'"

The early years: Esky in 1930



Esky's finest hour: An original lobby card, circa 1932

Silent Centenary

BEST known in the silent-screen art, whose rarity makes it the face of Hollywood's every new trend, will now the silent. It turns out that little Buster ought to be the last icon of American cinema. That "peep show face" masked and protected a battered inner child. His body-shaming abuse, both oral and offstage, at the hands of his vaudeville father is amaz-

ingly in excruciating detail in Marion Meade's epoxy-mess account of his maverick and disorderly life (HarperCollins), out on what would be his hand-tinted birthday, October 4. But the silent centenary celebration is *Kino* on Video's release of three silent eighteen hours of Kurosawa's in three boxed sets, including his most legendary features and a generous collection of his shorts and hilarious two-reel shorts in



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—Don Braefield, Aberdeen, MD

Timothy Indiglio



Cutting Cable Loose

ON DECEMBER 15, 1991, an Aeronics rocket blasted off from French Guiana, carrying into orbit the first of three direct broadcast satellites. Now parked about 22,000 degrees west longitude, a line running roughly from Midland, Texas, to Moor, North Dakota, these satellites beam 205 channels of digital television to homes with eighteen with Digital Satellite System dish antennas and receivers from RCA and Sony.

Impressed by the sharp picture and fed up with local cable service, video addicts

are turning more and more to DSS antennas heavenward. By the end of the year, almost a million people will be pulling down movies, special sports packages, and cable channels from on high. Prices of DSS dishes have fallen from \$200 to as low as \$100, and sales are expected to double this year.

For now, there are two main subscription services, United States Satellite Broadcasting and DirectTV, which because their programming is satellite-to-your dish free, let you sit in your dish-free, low-cost stadium on such remote locales as Castle Rock, Colorado, that issue monthly bills like a cable company. They carry films that arrive almost on demand (shows begin on the half hour) and a range of programming at prices comparable to cable—from \$10 to \$20 a month, depending on the services you want. But many owners swear by the tiny digital-satellite dish alone, especially eight of them, with one dish from just to up. It's Radio Free Chester Space.

Informal surveys suggest that some buyers of DSS are informed big dish owners. Now that many channels are scrambled, they're trading in the blackened decoder boxes they use to swipe HBO or Showtime for legitimate service—and dumping their big, ugly metal dishes in the process. But for others, the sleek digital dish seems to be a different kind of symbol. Even more than the big one before it, it seems to make

Local color: The only glitch attending the arrival of the little dishes is that they won't receive local channels with the snarl and mayhem of existing news. For that, Terk Technologies' TV28 amplified antenna proves a handy antidote for your DSS dish.

people feel powerful and independent, cut loose from the grid and the grid. The dish is as powerful as a sail on its way at the ranker's lonely windfall, outland against the western horizon.

And disk/recorder combos such as Sony's RAS-ADS can also be hooked up to your computer and its files will receive computer data and capture images and video clips from DirectPC well bring you the Internet from space as well. Get ready for the information skyway.

—PHIL FATTOR

How to Beam Yourself Up

You can install a DSS dish yourself anywhere with a clear line of sight south to the satellites, but most users pay \$100 or so to avoid the hassles of necessary drilling, cable running, and signal locking. Sony's LED digital receiver simplifies the process, but buying up a small dish is a far cry from locking up a VCR. In addition to getting the dish wired to a monitor attached to your TV, you will need to install a line to your phone line for pay-per-view authentication and billing. Before talk the local electronics distributor into a low-keyed installation when you buy the system.



Free space:

Sony's SSS-BS1 dish/receiver (\$750)—a basic cutting-edge DSS system.



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John Mariani

A New Look at Lutèce

When I heard the news that Lutèce, New York's most venerable French restaurant, had been sold to a sprawling corporation called Ark Restaurants, known more for an family-style fund houses than for the fine dining, I could imagine only the worst. They'd put in a pizza oven and a salad bar, fire the maître-d'-chefs waiters and hire waitresses who look like those Barrymore dogs down in beans and ray T-shirts with Biff Towner on them, and start selling signature sandwiches and salads at a gift shop where the little one has used to be Ark's president, Michael Weinstein, has, after all, announced that he will henceforth use the name "Lutèce" and may open branches of the restaurant in cities as far-flung as Las Vegas and Tokyo.

The sale was not unexpected. André Soltner, Lutèce's chef for thirty-four years, is now sixty-two and says his legs aren't what they used to be. He and his wife, Sophie, gave Lutèce an irreverent style, its quirks and eccentricities. Even those who copped about his uniquely menu and unfathomable dishes had to admit that no one did fine cuisine like Soltner. Armenian art, coq chakao, or spring lamb-beetroot, he did. So when Soltner passed



Fresh faces: André Soltner and Eberhard Müller, the new chef's "succession" for dinner.

the whale to Eberhard Müller, formerly the executive chef at Le Bernardin, those who loved the old Lutèce were wary of what



Still golden: Grilled squash with minted lime juice.

might become of the new. With several results under my belt, I can assure the fans of regulars and encourage those who have never been there to book a table immediately. Lutèce is as good as ever—only better.

Now when you arrive at the three-story townhouse at 249 East 57th Street, you're greeted by Jean Carr (who once sat the illustrations to *Pooh* in Washington), whose good-natured and vivacity have clearly invigorated a staff that had, quite honestly, become complacent over the years. As I write, the budget-pride dotor is being skewed without compromising the godlike charm of the orange or the provincial familiarity of the upstairs rooms. Commissaries will remark now that the recently dismissed were not his best, restored to eminence by Carr and again ready with the best in the city.

Slowly, carefully, and with tremendous respect for Soltner's spirit, Müller has added newer, lighter dishes, once again, his legs ■

weather or not



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Baja on the rocks: Cutting through blue water in search of marlin, left, posthole at Hotel Palomita

Palomita is an open-air-and-glass hotel lobby, but so many nicely bronzed people lie around in cushioned armchairs that you opt for the privacy of the hotel's beach, which stretches out like a long white slab. You arrange your sun-tan-laden body upon it with a convalescent's solemnity. You last five minutes. That beat. And besides, it's cocktail time.

A quick transfer renews you with vital information. The soul of Palomita is its bar, which might be the most perfect bar in the known universe—and not just because its cognac gets coldest frost and margarita maker mescaline waves move like RiverTec pure, but because of its location. Since the Palomita is situated on Baja's lower east coast, an hour up high above the lagoon sweep of the Sea of Cortez, whose rock-bounding surf sounds as if a thousand Mexican mariachis were about to stampede your parapet, which is also perfect. A merciful wind sweeps off the water through the fragrant arched thatch thatts for walls at Hotel Palomita.

You picture yourself deep-sabing off the rim of one of Palomita's dear high bridge houses, a blower-

overhead fans keep the air moving in your room. The terracotta floor lowers your temperature footprint, and the open step-down shower in head-puzzled Mexican tile does the rest. Not that you're without match to fire. There was the usual flight screen, then about four rounds of full-force Cabo heat before Juan Carlos appeared in summer whites and ushered you into an air-conditioned van appointed with a cooler full of fresh fruit.

Twenty minutes later, you step into the hotel's pretty lobby, and a wait on a lacy-shouldered Mexican blouse pressurizes you a tall, frosty glass of fresh tropical fruit juice. Her skin gleams like new copper; everyone's does but yours, which is, you know, roughly the shade of the interior of a hag's

Patronalys, the heart of

Bevy: Palomita's portico

Twenty minutes later, you step into the hotel's pretty lobby, and a wait on a lacy-shouldered Mexican blouse pressurizes you a tall, frosty glass of fresh tropical fruit juice. Her skin gleams like new copper; everyone's does but yours, which is, you know, roughly the shade of the interior of a hag's

Bevy: Palomita's portico

TRAVEL

Cool in Cabo

You'd never think it's down there. Waiting cool as a surprise, on the scorching far end of the West Coast. The perfect Los Cabos villa. White-washed walls, and the soft, blue views of the Pacific framed in wicker bougainvillea. Someone's handing you an ice cold drink in a nautical glass, serving you local lobster with some kind of mawo Baja sauce. A true Mexican private—five-star resort. You can sit at, it does not exist? Lucky for you, it does.

Laid out on its own thirty-thousand-square-foot beachhead, Hotel Palomita looks at first like some kind of Spanish mission re-creation. Palomita and other original geometry disconnect it from the surrounding decoration. You are, after all, in Baja's leap into the Tropic of Cancer.



in out-walking in the distance. Then suddenly it is surrounded, of course. You see yourself playing the eighteen-hole at Cabo del Sol. Palomita's new Jack Nicklaus-designed seaside course. You know you will scored and whole-watch and play tennis and shop in the few little town of San José del Cabo, then return to paradise of Palomita's Mexican haute culture under the big moon. But when you will be told out in how many seductively "beween moments" will get you if you spend too many hours on the beach just before you're scheduled to head back home.

—JESSICA MAXWELL

Practicalities

Los Cabos is eight hundred miles south of San Diego. Direct flights are available from Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Phoenix, Denver, and Houston, as well as from San Diego. For reservations at Palomita, call 800-637-2226.



Bevy: Palomita's portico

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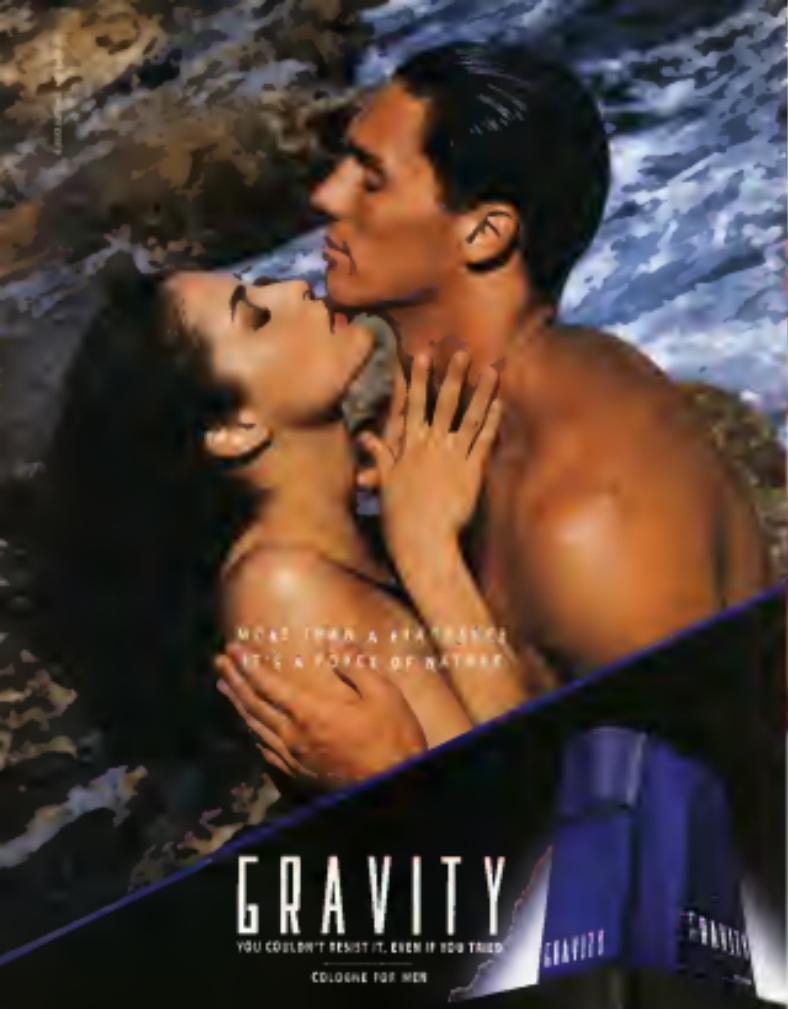
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OUR MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Walter Shapiro

Campaignland, USA



Twins? In '96, the Jackson and Perot missions could be almost identical.

THE TWO-HALF SYSTEM (left-right) Successorless after a shaggy-paw Clinton, institutional advances. Measured by cutaneous, political anomalies, and educational victories, who has all been through the ballot and remains hopeful for a resurrection. Sponsored by independent candidates Ross Perot and Jesse Jackson. In lots of flowers, please send cash contributions to Bill Clinton and Bob Dole.

SO SAD, REALLY. And so alone in its last days; all those who have loved it are long dead themselves. So few mourners, so little sentiment. Bass Perot, in fact, is planning to tap-dance on its grave by running for president again next year. And if Perot dances, Jesse Jackson will be right behind him with his own delicate soft-shoe, a Rainbow Coalition fourth party.

It is easy to ridicule the human need that Perot runs, that runs, the pious self-congratulation and the lonely paranoid snivel. Taking cheap shots at Perot has become a lay media sport. Like lampooning Karin Kuster. Give the guy a break. After four days wondering and the bizarre episode of the first United We Stand America powwow in Dallas, I realized that the bumptious billionaire may, on balance, be a force for good rather than evil. Of course, Perot shouldn't ever be president. But as a protest candidate, Dabney Warbucks may still prove to be the catalyst. America,

needs to finally track out the masters of big-money politics. There may yet be a method to his megalomaniac. The angry, none-of-the-above voter, the Perot voter, has become a docteur, but something is terribly wrong when 90 percent of those surveyed in a recent CBS-New York Times poll can't find anyone in public life to admire.

More than a year before the election, we are already racing at the thought of a two-party campaign that will likely pose the choice between the stiff-pounding Bill Clinton and the young Bob Dole. A second term for Clinton would be a triumph of hype over experience. Electing Dole would be like pushing the pause button on your VCR: you could wander off for four years secure in the knowledge that nothing much will change.

As the polls now suggest, Clinton might beat Dole in a two-way race. But a Perot candidacy increases the odds of a second term for Clinton, simply because Perot draws far more votes from the Republicans. Longtime GOP operative Roger Stone, who is now engaged in the strange cause of Arlen Specter, succinctly explained why the toxic Republican presidential field obviously made the pilgrimage to Dallas: "No matter who you are as a Republican, our joint goal is to keep Ross Perot out of the 1996 presidential race."

In a passionate speech to the conference, Jackson, who remains the best center in public life, described the two parties as "up-locked," set gridlocked. But in a strange synthesis, Jackson and Perot have become locked as well, much like a field entry of a park-rented truck. Jackson, as his top advisers strongly suggested, will not go sharing campaign with a quixotic third-party campaign if his spontaneity will single-handedly cost Clinton the election. But if Perot runs, now that's a horse of a different color. I talked with Jackson for fifteen minutes as he waited to bid farewell to "Brother Perot." I was struck by how palpably Jackson pines for that fraternal, shadow moment in 1968 when he was winning popular white support from backwoods Texas farmers and laid-off Michigan auto-workers. Jackson talks as if his disappointment with Clinton is permanent. "Clinton lacks the sword,"

Newty & the Bluehawk:
The GOP's message for Bob
Perot—please don't run.



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OUR MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Jackson declares: "Orange?" "No," Jackson says slyly. "Conversion."

Driving, Perot's initiatives re-ignite a Congress board. After the Dallas debacchon, I sat down for dinner with a few of his political confidants. None of them claimed to know Perot's mind, but collectively they sketched out the scenario they believed he is following:

Perot gave together his August emancipation party to denounce talk of a permanent third party. Perot's dirty little secret is that he doesn't mind being the standard bearer, but he is not a party builder, so THREE STATE now is just a slogan on many banners and stickers left on the Dallas Convention Center floor. Of course, you can't blame Perot for being one of the few finding himself on the same ticket with some Senate candidates in Oklahoma who know the name of the Jewish banker from the Tri-Lateral Commission who ordered the hit on Vince Foster.

But having marginalized a third party movement, Perot then reversed field and ran out the minutes for another independent candidacy. It is a provoca-

tive farewell speech in Dallas, Perot railed off a series of leadable proposals he has had spending, called the influence of lobbyists, and skewered the ridiculous "soft money" that subsidizes both parties. This new Perot agenda stands about as much chance for congressional passage as Bob Packwood does of being chosen to swap the kissing booth at an Oregon country fair. It was a clever move if Perot stuck out the moral high ground and set up a test that the big-potato special interests in Congress will fail.

More than two decades after the Watergate reforms, the penny comparisons of political fundraising have almost brought us back to the era when Richard Nixon auctioned off ambassadorships to the highest bidder. The only real difference is inflation. In 1974, a success check to CINEP might get you the embassy in Copenhagen. These days, a similar check to the Democratic National Committee puts you on the wrong end of a five-day trade mission with Commerce secretary Ron Brown. Who knows better than the below-the-fat cat the horrors of the declining dollar?

Not having to worry about money, Perot will wait to announce until after the Republicans go through their fratricidal processes. And, of course, it helps that he has no more deadlines scheduled to be honored during the coming election cycle. You can never tell when those Republicans he squads will end the bridal bouquet.

FOR YEARS, I have been obsessed by a simple reflex that would restore respectability, if not dignity, to the political process. Why in this era of satellite uplinks do presidential candidates still have to fly really around the country? After all, flesh-and-blood voters have been reduced to atomic backdrops for TV ads and sound bites on the nightly news. Let's erect a theme park somewhere convenient and call it Campaignland. Think of an old-time Hollywood lot. Here would be every scenic backdrop a media adviser could crave. "Real people" could walk down Main Street and see Bob Dole standing in a small town pizzeria. Main Street, of course, would need a McDonald's, where

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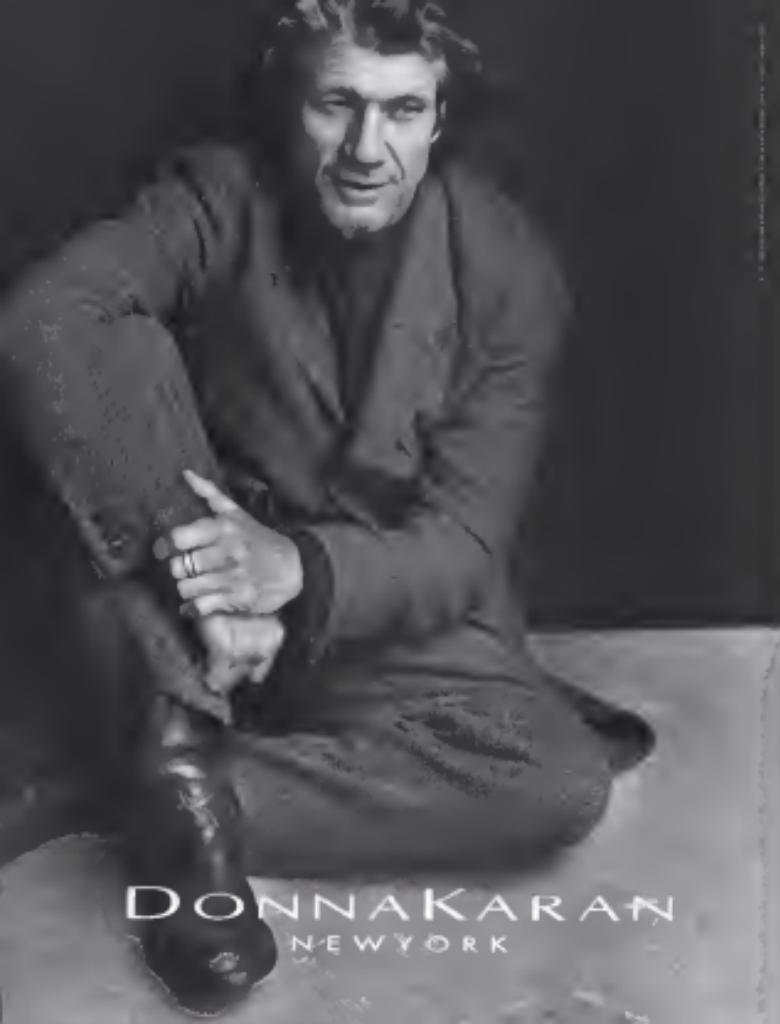
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THERE'S ONLY ONE



THE SPORTING LIFE

Mike Lupica

The Marino Zone

One game. Two minutes left. Who would you want to have the ball?

IT IS THE TUESDAY after the Miami Dolphins' first exhibition game at their practice facility across from the Rolling Hills country club in Davie, Florida. Hurricane Erin has just blown through the week before but has taken none of the August heat with her. By midmorning, the temperature on the field is in the mid-nineties, but it feels even hotter than that, and this is only the first session of the day for Dan Marino and the Dolphins. There is still some work to be done before lunch, and Dan Shula wants to have his offense run a two-minute drill that may mean something in December, or perhaps January.

Shula wants to go with one of the quarterbacks who will back up Marino this season, either Bernie Kosar or Doug Pederson or Dan McGwire. Brother of the Oakland A's first baseman Mark McGwire. All of the years they have been together, Shula does not need to use anything from Marino on a Tuesday morning in August. He has already seen it all.

But right now, Shula tells Marino to take a seat while he decides which of his backups gets the ball. No one is worrying about the Dolphins being out matched away from the playoffs or even the Super Bowl. All they can think about is that they are two minutes away from an air-conditioned locker room.

Marino doesn't go off and sit down. Instead, he taps Shula on the shoulder. "Let me," he says.

"I was thinking about letting one of the other guys work," Shula says.

Marino grins.

"Genie the ball," he says. "Please."

Shula shakes his head, then gives back to Marino. And goes up. When De Niro wants to release a bit more, he lets him go.

Dan Marino will be thirty-four in a few weeks, and that is his second season after surgery to repair a torn Achilles tendon that has made his right calf permanently misaligned. He still walks with a limp and probably always will, but there

are now receivers whose timing and habits he has to learn. Marino has reached the point at which he appreciates all the days of his career—even the duds. He tries to make every receiver count.

Or two minutes.

Indeed, though Dan Marino has this extraordinary past as a quarterback, he has always been even better at imagining the future. He can imagine that these are the last two seasons to win the Super Bowl he still has never won. So he gets his head in cooler at 11:30 in the morning in Davie and goes to work. He is playing quarterback his own defense, but now the ball is in the air, and the Dolphins offense is going down the field. It is as if a cool breeze blows through everything suddenly.

"Tell people all the time," Dan Shula says. "Dan Marino—even makes practice exciting."

WHEN DAN MARINO walked into his first Dolphins training camp in 1979, he showed an ability to pass the football that will have him breaking the quarterback records of consequence this season (most career touchdown passes, most yards, most passes, most completions, all of them). From Tarkenton's Going into this season, Marino had 150 career touchdown passes. Tarkenton at just a few days shy of 341. Marino had 297 career yards, Tarkenton passed for 4,000. Marino had 3,646 attempts, Tarkenton, 6,071. Marino, 3,646 completions. Tarkenton, 3,616. So they are very close in numbers except for one. Tarkenton put up these statistics across eighteen seasons. That is Marino's thirteenth. Thirteen seasons for number 1.

"It would be such a wonderful thing if we could go back to the Super Bowl in the year when Danny Tarkenton was the record holder," Shula said to me in Davie.

Both Shula and Marino could use another trip

Bon of Stock: Superman in search of a Super Bowl



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THE SPORTING LIFE

to the Super Bowl, Shula hasn't won one since Richard Blasen was president. No other coaching legend has ever gone that long without winning the big game.

In his office, Shula talks about the strategy of getting ready for another season. I ask him if you could substitute the word "strategy" for "strategy."

Shula looks at me as if I'd just caught me reading an astrolog. "I don't have those kinds of insecurities," Don Shula says.

But even if Shula never goes back—if he returns after this season or the next—he has his two Super Bowl rings. There is an undisclosed 17-0 season on his resume. It is difficult for the coach than it is for his quarterback.

"It would be a tragedy if it never happens for him," Shula said. "Not a real-life tragedy. Just one for sports."

Turkenton never won a Super Bowl game for the Vikings, despite having had three shots. John Elway has also had three chances with the Broncos. Jim Kelly of the Bills is in it, of course. And Dan Marino, who to many think is the best ever to play a game.

Later in the day, I'll talk Marino about the missing ring. He has been asked the question so many times—too many times—that he's tired of hearing it. It was all he heard the week of the Dolphins-Chiefs playoff game last December. He had better numbers than Joe Montana. But Montana had four rings.

"What if you never win?" I asked.

There was a long pause. He stared for what felt like a minute at the empty glasses held out the window behind him. And finally he said, "It will hurt."

Another pause, and then a longer answer. "It's everybody's dream to get a Super Bowl ring. With all the records people talk about, it's my dream, too. And if I never get one, yeah, it will hurt me a lot. It won't hurt me in the sense that I believe it will take anything away from my career or what I've accomplished. I've had a great career and a great life. I can't even try to describe what it's been like to be me, to have the job, at about five minutes to one on Sunday afternoon, when I run out onto the field and hear seven thousand people cheering for me and have that incredible feeling like I'm quarterbacking the whole day like I'm in control of the whole afternoon. No one can take that away. No one can take away the

ringing I feel I have in the game or take away my place in history. But I want to be a world champion just once before I stop. I want that ring."

PRACTICE ENDS, and the afternoon session does not begin and there's a break. Some of the Dolphins go off to sit and some to eat. Linebacker Bryan Cox puts on a golf shirt and shorts and goes across the street to get a quick meal. In the media room, the media is already looking past the seemingly weak Chargers and strategizing the Dolphins-Saints matchup in the AFC championship game the following week. And if the Dolphins could win that game, Marino and Shula would return to Joe Robbie Stadium for the Super Bowl. After all those years away from the big game, Marino and Shula would not only be back, they would be home.

By halftime, the Dolphins had San Diego, 10-6. Then the defense fell apart. Marino ended up with the ball at the end of practice that morning sitting down in the players' lounge, and when we gave him all our golf talk out of the way—Marino shoots in the seventies and occasionally plays in those celebrity tournaments you see on television—he is suddenly in an animated discussion about the end of last season.

The Dolphins had won the AFC East and were set to face the San Diego Chargers in the playoffs. But everyone in the media was already looking past the seemingly weak Chargers and strategizing the Dolphins-Saints matchup in the AFC championship game the following week. And if the Dolphins could win that game, Marino and Shula would return to Joe Robbie Stadium for the Super Bowl. After all those years away from the big game, Marino and Shula would not only be back, they would be home.

By halftime, the Dolphins had San Diego, 10-6. Then the defense fell apart. Marino ended up with the ball

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THE SPORTING LIFE

final minutes. He moved the Dolphins downfield, but a long pass fell incomplete, and Fred Stojanovich's field goal to win would have to be from forty-eight yards away. With six seconds to go, the Dolphins lined up and Stojanovich missed, wide right. The Chargers won, 21-20. They ended up in the Super Bowl in Joe Robbie. The dream setting that Montana had imagined, the dream game that he had yet to play and win, was put off for another season.

"I think about that game all the time," Marino says in the lounge. "I think about how the game could have been different if I'd had that pass [wide receiver Mike Williams made the Chargers' only right before the end. I wonder how things could have been different if I could've just gotten Pete on yards closer, even five yards closer.]"

His voice trails off, heated now underneath the noise from a video game of his teammates in playing in a corner. Across the room, another teammate watched a similar video. In silent moments between practice sessions that get the Dolphins ready for their first game in September, Dan Marino is back in the last minute of a game played in January.

Sometimes the last two minutes do not work out, even for Dan Marino.

I ask whether he will finally let go of this game. Marino gives a good long look, his blue eyes studying everything the way they would a defense, and he finally says, "I haven't let go."

He shifts slightly in his seat. Marino is a big man, six feet and nearly 200 pounds. From behind, you could mistake him for a right end.

"He just be driving along with my wife in the car," he continues, "and we'll stop at a light, and she'll say, 'Who you talking to there, guy?' And I'll be talking to myself, replaying that game," Marino sighs and says. "That was one of the bad ones."

"A rough, tough loss," Dan Shula said in his office before Marino showed up. "We really were building toward playing that Super Bowl game at home. Then to see it come apart the way it did, well, that was a very, very pleasant loss for all of us. But I think I felt worse for Dan."

Shula got up from behind his desk and stood out at the field. Silhouetted against the window, he was tall and noble and barrel-chested, still Shula.

"It makes us all want that season even more," Shula said finally.

Everyone knew that either the 49ers or the Cowboys would come into the last Super Bowl a prohibitive favorite. But there was a feeling that if the Dolphins—ever with that questionable defense—could get to the game, Marino would think of something, would at least give them a passer's chance. And the week before the Dolphins-Chargers game, Marino had beaten Montana and the Chiefs in what was an unforgettable quarterback duel for a half.

The game was at Joe Robbie on a Saturday afternoon, and those were already more than if the Chiefs lost, the would be the great Montana's last game.

More than that, it was Montana no versus Montana. They had met before, in 1981 Super Bowl XIX at Stanford Stadium in Palo Alto. Montana's backyard Marino was just a lad then, in his second year but he had thrown forty-eight touchdown passes that season, an

all-time record. Only that night have been the best open game out of their five Super Bowl-winning teams. They came into the game 17-1 and would end up trouncing the Dolphins, 35-16.

"I thought I'd be back plenty of times," Marino has said more than once over the years. Maybe there would even be more: possessions, matches with Montana. Only it didn't work out that way. Now there was just this opening round playoff game at Joe Robbie, at the end of Marino's storied career.

And for the first half, the portion of quarterback, on both sides of the ball, was played as brilliantly as it can be played. There have been other famous quarterback duels in history. There was a memorable game at Shea Stadium, Joe Namath versus John Unitas, when both men passed for about a million yards. Marino and Montana are better quarterbacks than Namath and Unitas.

The score at halftime said it all: 17-17. Montana was twelve for fifteen,



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DOLCE & GABBANA

THE SPORTING LIFE

198 yards, two touchdowns. Marino was fraction for meeter, six yards, one touchdown. The incompleteness between them, for the half it reached the point at Joe Robbie—and I was in the middle—when an accomplishment was the most maddening part of this game. Montana would take the Clock down the field, and Marino would get the ball back and take the Dolphins down. It was an elegant game of can-you-top-them?

"I was afraid to move," Marino says all these months later, "because it sure didn't look as if Joe was going to."

Almost in retrospect, the dubious about the best ever to play a game, or a position, come down to this: How much weight do you give rules? I believe you give a lot. I love Marino and will root for him hard this season, but if you give me one quarterback for the championship of all time, hell, for the future of the world itself, I'll take Montana.

Montana was 4-0 in Super Bowls, never threw an interception in any of the games, and was voted MVP three times. Marino was league MVP once and has never won. If he goes his whole career and does not win the Super Bowl, he will go on with Ted Williams, I think, as the biggest American professional athlete to have not won a title in a major sport.

Later in the day I ask Marino who the best quarterback of them all is, and he smiles and says, "The always believed" the real deal is just to be at the debate. On that day at Joe Robbie last December, the debate was concentrated on the field. Marino was not all of what he'd once been, because the Achilles-tendon injury stole something from him, especially his legendary quickness in the pocket. Montana was thirty-eight years old and had been born on and off for years.

But they had plenty left for this one game, the kind of game they were supposed to play every January but did not. The Dolphins' defense took charge in the second half and won. The game ended with Montana, too many points behind, trying to put the ball in the end zone one final time. Not on this Sunday Montana walked off the field and announced his retirement a couple of months later. Somehow it seemed fitting that if he could not go out with one more Super Bowl, at least he could go out against the great Marino—the other half of the great quarterback debate.

"Debates like that are for the human to worry about," Shula says. "I've seen every game he ever played. And I know that there game he ever played, he did everything he could."

So I ask Shula—who has won more games than any coach in pro football history—which quarterback he would choose for the one game that would decide the championship of all time, the future of the world itself.

"Without hesitation," Shula says and says, "I'd go for Danny. And then hope that the game comes down to the last two minutes and Danny has the ball."

In the "player" lounge, seven months after the game against Montana, I ask Marino if he's felt sorry for Montana at the end, watching him take his many doses the field one last time with no chance to win.

Marino shakes his head. "No, I didn't feel sorry," he says. "It's just a game. We been there enough times myself."

"I remember one time, we were losing to the Bills [49-40] in the AFC championship game. Coach asked me if I wanted to come out. I told him no I did. 'Come on, I'm going to finish.' You might as well keep playing. When the hell else are you going to go?"

I say to Marino, "What about watching Montana in the very end?"

"I thought that I didn't want that day to come for me anymore soon," Marino says quietly. He starts to count off the seasons he believes he has left on his huge right hand. "Ten, thirty-four, this year I'll be thirty-five for the '96 season, thirty-six in '97, thirty seven in '98."

Now he smiles broadly. It is as if a light that went out when he was talking about the loss to the Chargers has suddenly come back on.

"I might play until the end of the century," Dan Marino says. "What do you think about that?"

I tell him it is a splendid idea. Nothing to debate them at all.

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"Hey hello down there."



The Midas Strategy

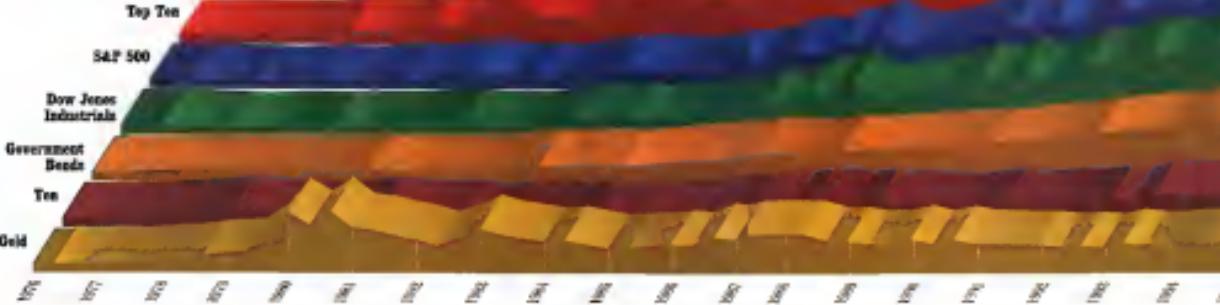
How I discovered a way to heat the pants off Wall Street—without insider information

MY FRIEND HARRY looked at me as if I were a fool. "How many people have you told about this?" he wanted to know. If I'd just keep my mouth shut, he said, we'd both make a lot of money. He leaned across the table and lowered his eyeglasses. "I mean it," he said. "A lot of money."

Here was the plan: Harry would raise my millions from some guy he knew in the pension fund, and we'd start our own little hedge fund based on my idea. Then we'd move to Bermuda like John Templeton and run it from down there, forever after like a couple of low-rent George Michaels.

But that's not how it worked out.

It all began one night when I stumbled on this strange and funky trick while working on my computer. It's a very hot that everyday investors can beat the pants off most funds of Wall Street by exploring a totally new mutual-fund investment strategy—one that not only promises to produce spectacular double-digit returns for years on end but, by its very nature, can beat be exploded only by small investors.



What was the message in the mutual-fund lesson? If America is in long-term decline, as some fear, with growth slowing and living standards about to sink, why are so many people investing in funds? And what do they think they can get from a mutual fund that they can't get on their own? One question led to another, and before I knew it, I'd forgotten what had originally led me to the subject—the search for a way to pick up my Keough and was interested in writing a story about the field.

From these very beginnings in the 1980s, mutual funds have marketed themselves as a way for individuals to get professional long-term management of their money for a fairly modest fee. At latest count, more than thirty-eight million Americans—some 5 percent of the nation's households—own shares in one mutual fund or another. But why? Getting professional money management is great if the manager can do better than you can, but study after study shows that in the aggregate, mutual funds perform no better (or worse) than the stock market as a whole. The Efficient Market Theory, made famous by Burton Malkiel's *RANDOM WALK DOWN WALL STREET*, holds that everything that can possibly be known about any stock is already reflected in its price—so what's to be gained by paying a fee to some money manager to buy stocks that are already fully valued?

The fact is, people invest in mutual funds because it's easy; because even the average return is better than what you get in a bank, and be-

cause they have the same desire as people who go to Las Vegas (well, almost). They hope to pick a winner.

For every winner, though, there are hundreds of losers, so anything of flash in the pan performance that soon sinks from view. For that reason, the SEC requires every fund offering shares to the public to include—in bold black letters across the front of the prospectus—a financial-world version of the surgeon general's warning: **FUTURE PERFORMANCE IS NO GUARANTEE OF FUTURE RESULTS**.

But my search triggered much deeper questions: that, given the right lens, past history can be a useful guide to future performance. No kidding. And it was the great demotivating power of the personal computer that unlocked that insight.

LATE ONE NIGHT, overwhelmed by the task of actually organizing my research, I found myself idly staring into my computer screen. So I decided to boot up and play around with some data supplied to me on a CD-ROM from Morningstar Incorporated, one of the country's leading sources of mutual funds. And I manipulated this mix of

The Winner Every Time

A \$10,000 investment in the top-ten strategy in early 1985 would have yielded close to a quarter-million dollars by now.

numbers—performance and portfolio data on nearly seven thousand funds—I turned ally on what might be found the golden key to picking next year's winner. I tried combing through the histories of fund funds, which change you up to 8 percent simply for the privilege of buying their shares. I tried looking at funds that had various changes in obscure "why" line. I looked at funds that invest in only one kind of asset, like, say, gold, diversified funds that spread their money around in stocks and bonds, funds that play it safe (or, by the time you were ready to invest, in, say, twenty years, you'd have a serious pile of money).

The data on the Morningstar CD-ROM were back only as far as 1981, but even within that time frame, it couldn't believe what I was seeing. If an investor had plunked down \$100 on January 1, 1981, buying the top ten funds for the year that had just ended, then repeated the process annually, he would have seen his investment grow to almost

\$10,000 by December 31, 1987—the 14 percent annualized return.

It took a while for the implications of that number to sink in. Nine years of 14 percent annualized growth? That's nearly as impressive as the 14 percent annualized return produced by Fidelity's mighty Magellan Fund during the same period.

Just how long a return at 14 percent annually? Here's a clue: Investor software provides something called the Quick-on Financial Planner, which is designed to help you get the maximum compound return for your IRA or Keogh account. Just when you tell the program to calculate the return from a 14 percent investment over nine years, Chuckie has the computer expand on a nervous invitation. It answers: "Risk Unknown," that is, the rate of return is over the maximum rate for any asset class considered here. Then it stops computing and in effect, says down.

This sort of thing just can't happen. As early as 1986, the scholarly journal of Finance published a study of twenty years' worth of mutual-fund performance and concluded that as a recent issue of *Werk* appropriately summarized, "Individual fund performance was no better than mere random chance might predict." In other words, last year's hot fund could just as easily turn out to be this year's dud—if not this year, then certainly next year or the year after that. In the mutual-fund business, that's the smartest thing in holy writ. There had to be some fine in the duds, some cover on my part.

THE next day, I called Morningstar spokesman Mike Van Dam. "No," he said, "there's something wrong somewhere. We'll work it out." *So easy.*

When he called me back, he still sounded skeptical but perhaps a touch less sure of himself. "We're looking into this thing deeper," he said. "What you've done is look at fund investing in a different way—a new way that hasn't been done before. With mutual funds, the idea is that you buy them and hold them for years, not trade them like speculative stocks. I'll get back to you."

A day or two later, I got a call from Jim Ralston, one of *Werk's* research colleagues. "These numbers you've got are amazing," he said. "Everybody here is talking about them. Really, what

you're suggesting seems to pan out. But I've got some more work to do, because some of the funds that are turning up in your averages are open only to institutions, and we've got to get them out of there. Also, there's a very successful fund called sort Century Gold Trust that you can't sell for ten years, so we've got to get that one out, too. Well see if that changes anything. I'll get back to you."

I decided to call Ray Dahl. Everyone should have a Bratty Smart Friend in his life, and Ray is mine. He heads a multibillion-dollar money-management company called Bridgewater Associates, lives in a mansion overlooking Long Island Sound, and clearly knows what he's doing. When you visit Bridgewater, you find a sprawling office with dozens of young people in blue jeans, staring in to computer screens and talking into phones. They're tracking minute-to-minute changes in everything from

Leaving Wall Street in the Dust

The Century's most impressive five-year performance against the market, from June 1976 through May 1981, would have yielded a 28.4 percent annualized return, as against the Dow's 5.88 percent.

"There are all these smart guys running the funds now," he concluded helpfully. "The question is, How can you buy their alpha?"

Then he hit me with another question. Just how statistically significant can a nine-year trend really be? "Why don't you go back to Morningstar and see if they'll give you, oh, twenty years of data," said Ray, waving his hand. "And while you're at it, ask them if they have monthly data. With monthly data over twenty years, we'd really be looking at something."

Morningstar did have monthly data, and it was available all the way back to 1972. What's more, it was right there

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MONEY TALKS

on the CD-ROM. By presenting to the base level of the program, two young computer geeks at Bridgewater, Peter Schulte and Greg Jensen, were able to download onto an Excel spreadsheet the monthly-month performance data of more than eighteen hundred no-load, all-equity funds stretching back to January 1, 1976. Then, by writing a "scripted" version of programming commands, they waded not the top ten funds for every month in the past sixteen years complete with their average returns for each month.

But that was only the beginning. To counteract the possibility that periodic surges in the overall stock market—say, from the trough of the October market to the previous peak of early October 1984—would give a false picture of the strategy's profitability, they wrote a clever subroutine for the spreadsheet. The result was a complex, gobbly affair that allowed one to plot a trend beginning in any given month in the more than two decades and ending in any other month—to determine exactly the size of return for any conceivable period during the sixteen years.

Printed out, the whole apparatus would have covered half a wall. And to the astonishment of all concerned, the data confirmed its discovery. There were four periods from 1976 to 1990—an interval that spanned inflation, recession, the worst stock market crash since 1929, and the strongest bull market of the twentieth century—when trading, month by month, in and out of the top no-load, all-equity mutual funds failed to get ahead and stay ahead of the market.

Four periods in this century have proven a greater disappointment for investors than the four years of the Carter administration, 1976 to 1980. In that period, the Dow industrials never traded outside a narrow range between 141 and 164. On the day Ronald Reagan took office, the Dow stood almost exactly where it had been four years earlier. It was as if no dam had been breached. With no place to produce the dam, the entire business of buying and selling equities stalled.

But if you had put money into mutual funds in January 1980 and thereafter followed a monthly trading strategy, you wouldn't have been at all disappointed. Instead of four years of spending at ease, you'd have wound up, as Jimmy Carter's last day in office, sitting atop

treasury—a stupifying annualized return of 68 percent per year.

Among all liquid investment assets, only precious metals and personalty performed better during this period—just from the modest Eagle rock office, these assets started giving back all of their gains and more. Today gold is selling at roughly \$190 per ounce, just about where it was ten years ago, and crude-oil prices have slipped to where they stood fifteen years ago—just that doesn't take into account the inflation-adjusted value of the dollar.

By contrast, if you'd followed my standard trading strategy and kept steadily selling over those dozen months after month, year after year, you would today be sitting on what is, in relative terms, a heap of money: the size of More Blame more than snapshot by last May—an annualized return of 51 percent during a period in which the broader market, as measured by the Dow, returned just over 10 percent.

What's the difference, from a long-term investment perspective, between 10 percent and 51 percent per year? What's the difference between Cindy Lauper and Cindy Cawdwell?

Just for laughs, let's say long-term money twenty years. Allowing for taxes corresponding to an IRA or Keogh account, the difference between 10 percent and 51 percent is the difference between \$10,000 and \$350,000.

During the sixteen-year period covered by the Bridgewater-Morningstar data, the monthly returns of the top ten funds showed declines from the previous month about one third of the time. But the "down" months were shallower than the "up" months were high, with the result that, on a year-to-year basis, only five of the sixteen years returned a negative number. And in no year was the down number so steep that the original 1980 capital investment was erased.

Surveying the Bridgewater grids, I could clearly see that there were one or two periods in which it was no good to spend your money in stocks, period—and investing in the mutual-fund industry was no exception. The worst month by far would have been October 1983, when the stock market crashed \$6 points in a day. If you'd been unlucky enough to get into the game that very month, and on October 1 had put \$10,000

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But let us take our cue from a party of scientists whom we once invited to explore the matter "Magic" they exclaimed, swigging their drams in a most unwholesome manner. "But magic is merely undiscovered science and we'd like to take some home for further investigation."

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into the ten top-performing funds of the previous month, your portfolio would have been worth only twice by the end of October, a sobering 10.5 percent loss in only a few days. But if you just stuck with the program, continually rolling your money over, this original 10 percent investment would be of the wrong be worth 15.5 percent, an astounding gain of 8.5 percent. That's not as good as the 10.6 percent the Dow has posted during the period, but the numbers suggest that the gap will narrow, disappear, and eventually open up again in favor of that strategy.

This pattern holds for almost any one-period you pick. When the overall market is down, this investment strategy is down about as much, but when the market is up, the strategy beats it—even during the great bull market of the 1980s.

If you'd put \$10,000 into the Dow in July 1980, when the average stood at 950, and sold these stocks near the market's peak at the end of June 1983, when the Dow reached 1,400, your rate of return would have averaged a dazzling 30.0 percent

annually. But with my annualized strategy, you'd have done even better: 34.5 percent.

New people on Wall Street have equalized that performance. Consider Michael Steinhardt's Steinhardt Partners fund, which averaged 27 percent annualized growth between the last 1980s and the last 1990s. Similarly, from the start of the 1980s to the end of the 1990s, George Scott chalked up a stunning 34 percent annualized return for his Quantum Fund. But Scott's performance has been steadily down—down 15 percent over 10 years, up 50 percent over 20.

But my automatic-plan approach to investing has little relative volatility at all. Investment pros measure the appeal of a deal through something known as the Sharpe Ratio, a statistical formula that compares an investment's risk with its return. According to calculations done by the computer kids at Bridgewater, the Sharpe

Ratio of the investment strategy we were looking at was slightly more than that of the Dow. In other words, my strategy generates a better risk ratio than the market as a whole—and without the huge overhead costs that men like Scott and Steinhardt must carry.

So how does this strategy really work? My original hunch had been that the top-performing funds got that way because they benefited from the best managers and that by buying last month's winner, we were using that success as a "leading indicator" for how they'd perform over a similar time frame in the future.

But when I tried the idea out on Jim Rogers, head of research for a big mutual-fund consulting outfit in California, he laughed and said me a study he'd just completed that argued I was dead wrong. It began, "Our experience at Collins Associates indicates that past performance is generally a poor predictor of future performance."

The report described a study showing that fund managers in the top

quartile during any three-year period had a 75 percent likelihood of dropping into a lower quartile during the next three-year period. "If anything, the top performing managers of the past tend to slightly underperform over subsequent periods," the report concluded.

But the issue isn't whether a fund manager dropped from one quartile to the next in any given period, it is whether the fund manager is still besting the market. It's great if you can stay a superhero forever, but dropping back to simply庸俗 shouldn't make you chopped liver.

Besides, Greg Jensen saw something else. Having lived with the data day and night, he'd begun to recognize a pattern. When stocks were rising in the overall market—during, say, the bull market of the 1980s—the hottest funds rose dramatically more, much after stocks, than the overall market.

The reason was obvious. They had the hottest stocks. It wasn't necessarily the brilliance of the managers that caused these funds to load up on what turned out to be hot stocks; it could as

easily have been dumb luck—a sector in the economy that suddenly heats up, or some quirk in the world economy builds a fire under some little subcategory of foreign-stock funds. Trading in and out of these stocks on a monthly basis allowed one to capture some of the heat before the sector had time to cool off.

In March 1981, for instance, the Jensen Fund surged 15 percent on the collapsing dollar and the rising yen. During the following month, the fund still held, increasing in value only 1.1 percent more—such a modest performance by "top ten" standards that it didn't make the April buy list for May at all. But 1.1 percent in a single month is nothing to sneeze at; throughout a year, it's just over a 15 percent annualized return.

Similar examples abound in the data. Last February, the second-best fund in the universe was the Robert W. Stephens Value for Growth Fund, which racked up a blinding 9.9 percent gain. If you'd bought Robert W. Stephens on March 1, you would have wound up along just about half that well for the month ahead—only 5.6 percent. The

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy



stocks as the Robertson Stephens portfolio were cooling off—not growing, but cold, overripe but making a nice dry-soft landing that would have given you an annualized equivalent of 10 percent on your money.

"What we're doing with that assembly trading strategy is playing a sector rotation," Greg said. "We're getting in to stocks when they're hot, and we're getting out before they're cold. We're exiting money all right, but it's got nothing to do with management at all."

THAT'S how I came to be sitting with my buddy Harry, knocking back many mugs and telling him what my members deserved—namely that I'd discovered an investment strategy that ignored the Efficient Markets Theory, side-stepped the management obsession of Modern Portfolio Theory, and avoided the SEC's required warnings.

And that's why Harry was begging his investment pal to phase, God pat that once—put a tick in it, and we'd soon be profitable in Bernoulli, our little hedge fund I practically running money.

Then Harry's face began to cloud over. He could see an obstacle the funds would be inventing in. "If we were just going to move around a couple of million bucks, it wouldn't be a problem," said Harry, speaking of the answer as if he were referring to a cold-weather tip. But he was right. To make such an investment appealing to an institution, he had to be talking my million, million. And a \$1 million portfolio meant 10 million spores arbitrarily moving in and out of my different funds each month.

"Some of the biggest funds wouldn't care," he said. "But for smaller funds, it would be too destabilizing. Imagine how bad it'd feel if you were running some hot little no-load with \$10 million under management, and you wake up one morning and find your assets have jumped 10 percent and you have to invest it all in some killer stock immediately or your performance will fall apart and all your other investors will start howling for

their money back. You'd be famous."

As Harry explained it, the funds hold the leverage for something that decides when to accept an investment and when to turn away. With small amounts—\$1,000, \$10,000, even \$10,000—speculating in a fund's shares

you can always borrow into the mutual-fund data on your own in a publication such as *Barron's*.

Where can you buy these funds? Doing business with each separate fund would be enormously time consuming, fortunately, investment firms such as Charles Schwab, Jack White, and Fidelity have them, too, for loads or no commissions, just about every no-load fund there is. Just open an account and buy and sell your shares over the phone.

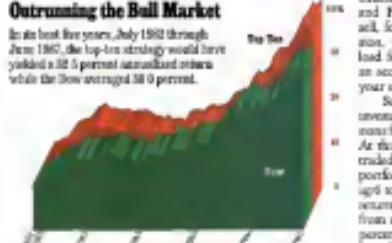
Schwab says its average investor pays 4.5 percent in commissions for every no-load traded. At this rate, even if you had traded all ten funds in your portfolio each month from April to September, your annualized return would have dropped from 10 percent to around 6 percent. That would still leave beaten the broad market averages, and in some situations you might have gained more year-end tax deferrals on your commissions.

Even so, it would be tempting to slash your commission fees (and your paperwork) by simply buying and holding your portfolio for a year at a time. Such an approach is, after all, how I stumbled on this strategy in the first place, like as the statistical whiz at Bridgewater put it, looking at the historical performance of yearly portfolios gives you only one out of 1000000 data points to study as does a monthly approach. The odds increase exponentially that what appears to be a trend in the data is really only a statistical fluke. With monthly data, you can count on what you're seeing, with yearly data, you just don't know.

So, to sum up, use this strategy of mutual-fund investing, and just know you that over time, you're virtually guaranteed to beat the benchmarks against which Wall Street's pros measure their performance. While no fund manager will truly ever be able to claim that past performance guarantees future results, this is one investment approach that really does suggest that past can be prologue. As Mark Twain once quipped, history may not repeat itself precisely, but it certainly seems to rhyme a lot. Sometimes the trick comes down to listening for the right notes.

Outrunning the Bull Market

In its best five years, July 1982 through June 1987, the top-ten strategy would have yielded a 32.5 percent annualized return while the Dow averaged 38.0 percent.



wouldn't be a problem. But as the industry is currently set up and managed, big speculation wouldn't last for long.

Add it all up and, say, say, at they say on Wall Street, here's what it comes down to: At last, the kids get a break. Those who know the business will tell you that no more than five thousand people—the portfolio managers of the big institutions—basically control the market. The beauty of my strategy is that it gives the little guy a way to stay ahead of these big players while at the same time diversifying his risk.

Now, buying and selling mutual-fund shares every month can have some costly tax consequences when the funds report their capital-gains distributions to the IRS. However, as long as you hold your shares in an IRA, though, or similar tax-deferred account, the capital gains will just keep piling up, tax-free, until you retire, at which point withdrawals from your account will be used only at your passing income-tax rate.

How can you keep track of such month's top-performing funds? One obvious way is to buy Morningstar's data, which is available now only on a CD-ROM or a floppy disk. Subscriptions range from \$10 to \$100, depending on how much detail you want (monthly/yearly). Other firms, including Weisbrenner and Alexander Steele, have similar software. And of course



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ESQUIRE Style Agenda

Celebrating Men's Wear And All That Jazz In Short Hills
Esquire and Montblanc are pleased to present an evening of food, wine, and jazz with a focus on men's suits and furnishings. Designer Max Hiltun will make a special appearance with an Esquire editor at the newly opened Short Hills, New Jersey, store to discuss present style and the many facets of the suit. Word has it that Mr. Hiltun is quite a jazz performer as well as a designer, so don't miss this chance to watch him jam with his band.

Details

Max Hiltun Store
1200 Morris Turnpike, Short Hills, NJ
October 22
6:00PM-9:00 PM
\$35.00 per person, tickets will be held at the door.
Please call 201-467-5200, ext. 2950, by October 10 to confirm your attendance.

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Tessman, a leading buyer and seller of vintage watches, offers more than 4,000 styles from the world's top Swiss, American, and Japanese makers, including Rolex, Patek Philippe, Audemars Piguet, Breitling, Girard-Perregaux, Zenith, and many more. A staff of certified professionals who are experts in jewelry, gemstones, and watches is available to answer questions regarding sales and service. Whether shopping for a gift for someone special or a treat for yourself, be sure to inquire about the very special "Trade-In" program. Tessman's complimentary appraisal service will apply the full trade-in value of your old watch toward the cost of any new one. Visit the Tessman store nearest you for additional information, or log on online by visiting [RDD-MB.com](http://www.RDD-MB.com).

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In Step With Footwear Fashion

Fast, nimble, and flexible, have long played important roles in Italian culture. Fresh and innovative, the new Berluti men's sportswear collection offers a subtle approach to dressing and Italian design. Through color, fabric, and attention to detail, Carlo Berluti presents a fashion statement that is hip yet sophisticated. To discover more Berluti's fusion of rich colors and textures, be sure to visit the following retailers: Barneys, Henry Basses, Wigmore Trout, and Sy Devos. For additional information, please call the showroom at 212-265-0044.



Sportswear, Italian-Style

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As Time Goes By

For nearly 250 years, Omega has created timepieces that symbolize technological excellence and artistry. Omega's fine Swiss craftsmanship has evolved over the decades, setting a standard of quality that has marked significant events in history—the first ever Olympic Games, and man's first step on the moon. Continuing this tradition, Omega possesses the Seamaster Professional Diver timepiece, a stylish choice for watch enthusiasts who know no bounds. The Seamaster Professional Diver makes its screen debut in *GoldenEye* this December, as the official timepiece for the Intrepid agent 007. Making a bit of fantasy with reality, the new James Bond will find the Seamaster watch not only the perfect timekeeper but also a valuable treasure. The Omega Seamaster Professional is available at selected jewelers; please call 800-765-6342 for the jeweler nearest you.

In Rare Form

By their very nature, diamonds can make almost any wearer singular, brilliant, shaped under pressure. Today a diamond cuff links for men offer many options for a distinctive statement of personal style. Shown here, diamond and onyx cuff links by Tessman, left, and brass gold and diamond cuff links by Wayne, right. For more information, send a postcard to the Diamond Information Center, Worldwide House, 825 Eighth Avenue, New York, NY 10019, and request "It's Only Natural," a guide to diamond cuff links—or visit a jeweler near you.

Everyone Wants A Gibson

The time has come to announce the winner of the Gibson Guitars Contest! Congratulations to Thomas D. Russel, of Woburn, MA, our grand-prize winner, who was selected at random to receive his very own Gibson Nighthawk. Thanks to all entrants for your interest, in Gibson and our contest.

To survive in the bloody late night of the long knives, some times even a nice guy has to win ugly. By Bill Zehme

Leno Lives!

WHAT THEN OF LENO? Is he man or machine? Is he good or evil? Theories abounding, yet none satisfies. There is nothing simple about Leno, although he would argue otherwise. He dislikes emotions and claims to possess none. He has learned to question pain, so as to distract himself from ever feeling any. When bad things happen to him, he will shrug and actually forget them. In this way, he has erased much of his life story. Long ago, he literally erased every tape of his first four months of *Tonight Show*, declaring that they will never be seen again. "They don't exist," he says firmly. "Never happened." Conversely, he has been known to reinvent other key moments in his life, adding the comic embellishment. (Rule one: Never mistake a comedian's anecdote for fact.) Yet where others are concerned, he dogmatically quests for truth. "What do you hear?" he asks everyone he knows before asking anything else. "Got any good gossip?" Information seeps all his heart, if not his decency. Inscrutable and impervious, Leno cannot be surprised. He cannot be hurt. Also, Jay Leno cannot be stopped.

Death-defying act: "I may look dumb," Leno says, "but, you know, I'm Italian. We can't be underestimated."



"Suddenly, I was perceived as the bad guy. I never

Leno lives to be indulged. "I may look dumb," he will say, "but you know, I am funny. We can't be uninteresting." Indeed, according to legend, he was lost at everything before he became funny. He shrills to be counted out, knowing full well he never can. "Born when his mother was forty-one, he has ever since turned up when he was not supposed to. It was in that manner, three years ago that he became the host of the *Tonight Show*. ("The biggest gig in the world," he would call it, in reference to the man he replaced) For him to get the job, had blood spilled everywhere, and he has been working night and day to remove the stains. He has not succeeded entirely, nor has he finished dabbing. Leno must make nice or die trying.

"By this time, I was supposed to be all gone," he says. But he is still here, better than he was, not as good in some, one else, dependable all the same. "I'm not surprised Jay didn't go away," says David Letterman, who knows Leno like a brother, albeit one who does not speak to the other. He has come to this, although it was not supposed to

LET ME TELL YOU of the Leno I know. In most of the dozen years I've known him, I've never doubted him. More than once, we took to the road, where he thrived in clubs and where I would study his technique. In comedy, no greater technician I know.

He dispensed jokes in all pockets of the nation, fulfilling 250 gigs a year, minimum. "Life is a marathon, not a sprint, and you just work hard," he always said, and so he did, more than any other comic. On planes in hotel rooms, I listened to him and learned his behalf. He was affable and kind but also pointed and judgmental. There was reach in the world he did not like, and his opinions ranged. He spoke of famous people he considered above. He questioned the work of other comedians. He speculated about the personal habits of comedians. "It's so stupid," he would say—usually justifiably—about practically everything. But what offended him most was unprofessionality of any sort. He saw no off for it, ever. In Los Angeles, we would ride in his mischievous roadster, and he would take us to his home and to the set of the *Tonight Show*—during his early tenure as sole substitute host. He led me behind the desk and pointed out Jerry Carson's cigarette burns in the carpet. He found that funny, as he finds all human foibles. "So stupid," he said and giggled in his whispering Linquicotic fashion.

He had two managers then, a married couple, and I knew only one man. His name was Jerry Kashnick, and Leno called him Ruth. Ruth was a large, old-time showbiz guy, full of boners and blusters. The two men had a模棱两可的 rapport. If, say, there was a hooking screwup,

Leno would issue Ruth and Ruth would issue back: "It's not my fault." Leno would protest. And Ruth would answer: "Nothing is ever your fault!" And that was true. Leno never placed himself in any situation where fault could find him. (That is why managers exist.) I repeatedly, Ruth told me with awe and relish, "Jay Leno has no dirty underbelly." The world of Leno, he said, was about two things only: being funny and fixing cars and motorcycles.

Ruth died shortly after I last saw him. On his deathbed, he excused from Leno pretenses that soon prompted him to unearthing bangles and then into skin show. Among his last requests Ruth made Leno pledge to stand by his widow Helen, and have her continue to guide the Leno career. Helen German Kashnick had, in fact, discovered Leno and always served as his professional career, letting her husband handle daily minutiae. But now Ruth was dead, and she started with a new and despotic vengeance, which made her the opposite of Leno, giving great pause to all who knew him. In the name of Leno, she began to trample everyone in his path.

I called him at home one day five years ago. He was in his garage, as he usually is on his rare days off. At the time, I was helping to compile a tiny coffee-table book celebrating comedy heroes—Hope, Carson, Letterman, Pryor, Martin, Seinfeld, Newhart, Rockwell, the entire pantheon of Leno's peers and predecessors all included. But now, I'd suddenly learned, Leno had withdrawn his participation from the project, and this made no sense. So I called to see if there was some misunderstanding. Friendly at first, unconvincing as never before, Leno told me his belief that comedians weren't supposed to be in books. "Too pretentious," he said. "Plus, I don't want any record of my career after I've gone. No evidence living around." But I reminded him, even Johnny and Dave were happily on board—the implications of which were obvious. He remained mysteriously unconvincing, as we chatted amiably about other things and hung up. (Thus, Helen assured herself from coffee-table posterity.)

The next day, Helen Kashnick called me and began to sputter and never stopped screaming. "How dare you call Jay behind my back!" she thundered. "You have ruined your relationship with Jay. Leno, you can never call him at home again!" She was on the line with no discerning breath. My receiver vibrated with her hysteria. I affirmed apologetically and confessed to be mystified. She did not care. So I immediately called Leno at home, again, and told him that I hadn't meant to offend him, and that his manager had just devastated me, and that I was terribly confused. He seemed not to hear what I was telling him and instead and, merely and emphatically, "There's no problem. Everything's fine. Call me any time. You've got the home number. Keep in touch." But, of course, I never called him again.

At that moment, I had begun to doubt Leno. Then I recalled an old maxim he often advanced: that he fell into trouble whenever he performed his stand-up act, but he was as proficient at this work that he could sometimes put himself to sleep while telling his gags. I wondered if he was now living entirely in a trance. Something didn't add up. Something was off. Leno did not seem to be Leno anymore.

"understood where that came from. What the hell did I do?"

Now, the world heard that he would succeed Carson. The news came quickly, stunning Carson (who had not been consulted) and crushing Kashnick (who had mightfully earned the job). But never mind that now Leno shakily took the throne and continued to be his old self. His early shows, overseen by Helen Kashnick, were uniformly awful, bearing no resemblance to his apt skills as a substitute. Then Helen was gone, fired, broken. Leno kept on making awkward television, although not as bad as before and, once in a while, not too bad at all.



NOW look at him! See the change! The first redemption of Leno is nearing completion. I have come late to the purge. It has been ongoing since September of 1992, during which the once-awful Helen Kashnick was ripped from his side. The patient improves daily. Tragedy by racism and tragedy, he is at age forty-five—finally mindful, something he has never before needed to be. It is now possible to watch him and not wince. And his range, while never small, grows more formidable, giving great chase to the *Letterman Late Show*, which has been outpaced for twice in two years of week-to-week battle with Leno. The first nine came only last July, the result of Hugh Grant's poor *There's Something About Mary* run that ran on these happenstances. (In opening quotation to Grant, however, restated him further: "When the hell will you diehing?") At last, Leno had tasted triumph, a fragile sentence. It seemed to be time. By then, he had already apologized to just about everyone he ever knew. He shouldered blame—with some grace—for wrongs he either ignorantly committed or shamelessly sanctioned. (He owes it only to the former.) "It was an odd situation to suddenly be made out to be the asshole," he says now. "I was perceived as the bad guy, and I never understood where that came from. What the hell did I do?"

But, of course, it is what he did do. He did not stop the madness. He carried his gun from the dinner because that is what he does. "A classic case of closing your eyes to what's going on around you," he acknowledges. (Stop! Stop!) That, however, may be too simple: an ails. Helen Kashnick held fierce, unswerving sway over the Leno psyche. Her life had known profound horror—the death of a thirty-plus-year-old son and a bout with breast cancer. She was not without flaws, though, that may have won the world as an evil place and believed that survival required no small measures. She told

Leno that no one could be around and that only she could protect him. It did not occur to her to doubt her, much less question her motives. "Fine, fine," he would mutter numbly, sheepishly, then go back to his purge.

After all, she got him started, got him *The Tonight Show* no less. To do so, she had baited network bulls with sledgehammer telegrams, pre-emptive strikes. To expel Leno's stomach—his widow, his muse—she reportedly played a story, in February 1992, on page one of the *New York Post*. The

The king is dead

After Leno's first show, Kashnick was heard to say offstage, "Fuck you, Johnny Carson!"

Leadline: THERE GOES JOHNNY—NBC LENO IS GOING TO DUMP CARSON FOR JAY LENO. Carson was fired, and, because no three drools sovereigns need suffer too fools, he announced his retirement without warning three months later—if only to burnish his network in kind. (By as ever, before dropping the bomb in an offhanded meeting on *Conan*.) Hell, he told all gathered, "I like Jay Leno." He is very concerned about my health. In fact, he asserted that I pig through *Conan*—full about midnights, though! But Carson knew all and told Leno so, when dethoned all. (He should have suspected but chose not to.) And, while continuing duty as *suburban host* during Carson's final year, Leno was never again invited to be Johnny's guest on the panel. Helen learned over this. At one Leno still meeting that year which Leno did not attend, she reportedly began to choke. The Johnny Carson did! Nor did Carson make mention of Leno in his farewell hour. That, too, enraged Helen, who forbade Leno to mention Carson upon her life closure the following Monday night. Maria Leno urged her husband to do otherwise, as did all of his confidantes, but Leno obeyed his manager, and it looked appalling. (Leno, an ungodly upward! How could a he!) As his broadcast ended, Helen Kashnick was heard to exclaim off-timers, "Fuck you, Johnny Carson!"

For the next four months, newpage ensued. Old Leno cringes full fellow-hour Amherst Hall and Dennis Miller dismouned him and renounced his friendship. Leno played

"He would be well within his rights to never speak to me," Leno says of Carson. "Obviously, he favors Dave."



repeated. He asked Helen about the darkening burn, and she would scream. "Go write your fucking poem! I'll break the basement!" So he let her use NBC no longer, let her let her. They called it an intervention. He did not understand, but it was pounded into his head. Finally, he confessed: "I've been serving you sick dreams. In the last eighteen years, I just haven't bothered showing you how I slaughtered the cow." And then it was over.

LET'S GET the perthouse for four," Leno suggests. "It'll be funny." His blue Leno eyes twinkle. His fine wife, Nancy, grins. On a summer Saturday night, we three have come to Baltimore's Chris Steak House in Beverly Hills. I have homed in on Leno right, the only night of the week the couple eats together to compete with Letterman, Leno keeps grueling hours, not at all untruly. Each weekly morning, he is at work in Burbank by seven and never home again before

midnight. Then, by midnight, his friend, 28-year-old writer Johnny Bragan, himself a veteran comedian, arrives at the blonde Leno manse, and, for a few hours more, the two men withdraw much of the next Leno monologue, lose jewel in the replacement crown. (Because it is his one great strength, he has infused his monologue from original six minutes to a swollen fourteen). He submits on four hours' sleep per night. Out of fifty-two weeks, he gets four weeks off, during which time he is ineradicable. "I have those weeks off," he tells me. "To me, a week's vacation just means you're now a week behind."

Such is the life gaudy withdrawn by Moivis Natividad.

Colon Leno, dark beauty, wife partner. The Leno wife of fifteen years has been condemned to cohabit with a human blur. She sees him when she sees him, but she always sees him clearly. She is his blurriness. "He's absolutely the handsomest person I've ever known and also the most level," she told me once. "When we first moved in together, I kept waiting for the partner-in-the-staff that always emerges when you live with somebody. And it never happened." There is a sweet patience to her adoration. I watch her stroke the tawny grey Leno forehead as he speaks. I watch her laugh as he pounds ruminously upon the vast plates of meat that land before us. (In various anywhere between Leno and his food is to risk losing a tooth.) "Honey," she sighs, but he has already set the legendary jaw to snarling incisor. It is not a pretty sight. Through the rugby mouthful, he calls for ketchup and chews around. Moivis points out, "Jay is oblivious when meat is in front of his face."

Leno, oblivious, of course, is a perilous state. It once nearly destroyed him. So I wonder, in the grim manner of Helen Radhakrishnan, what did he know and when did he know it? "Some things I know, some things I didn't know," he says. And he sighs profoundly. But the things I did know were always presented to me as her response to some conspiracy or other. It was always, "We gotta know them first, those they want to see you." With this, every action called for an overreaction. All these people were allegedly against me—and of course they weren't at all. I was ashamed of myself that I let it happen. But it's my fault. It was my wish. If you're the captain of the ship, you go down with it."

me at night. Then, by midnight, his friend, 28-year-old writer Johnny Bragan, himself a veteran comedian, arrives at the blonde Leno manse, and, for a few hours more, the two men withdraw much of the next Leno monologue, lose jewel in the replacement crown. (Because it is his one great strength, he has infused his monologue from original six minutes to a swollen fourteen). He submits on four hours' sleep per night. Out of fifty-two weeks, he gets four weeks off, during which time he is ineradicable. "I have those weeks off," he tells me. "To me, a week's vacation just means you're now a week behind."

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What is known now helps no one, especially. Now Helen Radhakrishnan has moved to New York, where she is said to be ill, and chooses not to comment. Leno has not spoken to her since the time of her dismissal. Shortly afterward, Radhakrishnan appeared on *Desperate,* saying her grievances: "It's about the same story," she said. "Every time a woman gets into a position of some kind of authority where they've not wanted, they've considered crazy, hysterical, a nut." The share she brought him manifest itself now as cold dispensation. "It looks at that whole relationship as his two weeks out of my life," he says. "Never happened." Through selective amnesia, he obscures and diminishes from his own ferocious ambition. Leno is no sluge but plays one to imperfections. Of Helen Radhakrishnan and her late husband, the blustery Kishan, he says, "It was bad cop, worse cop. I would give it all up to have never seen either of them. I would! I would give up this job in a second. Because it cost me way too much." I ask him about any mentioning Carson on his first official *Tonight Show*. "That was the biggest mistake of my entire life," he says with palpable woe. "Don't forget, we weren't on tape for these first two weeks. We were broadcasting live. And in my mind, if I had said something about Johnny on live TV, I thought she would have gone nuts and started screaming at me on the air if I thought, 'Oh, jeez, let me just get through this. But I didn't enjoy it.' After that show, I didn't say, 'Hey, let's have a party!' I remember saying to myself, 'Why won't I enjoy this? Why isn't this fun? Why don't I care anymore?' And I thought, 'Is this what it's gonna be for the next twenty years?'

EAT US NOW PONDER the emotional life of Leno, a topic charged with much controversial discourse. One industry observer describes Leno thusly: "No interests, no feelings, no soul." Leno's executive producer, Debbie Vickers, tells me, not without disdain, "He's the Leno method of shutting himself down." Oh! he exclaims. "Like *Tarantino!* Nobody knows Leno's backstory I don't, and I was a decent friend of his somewhere along the way, he got hung up from a tree by the football team, with a massive wedge-ward he went in-ward." Unlike Letterman, whose manner is transparent, Leno is opaque, a slab of densely malleable. "I have no expressions," he says proudly. "I think I'm a man, made like a man. And that's how I get through life. Most people don't know how I feel on most subjects. I don't have a nervous. I don't get depressed."

When news came that HBO would make a movie of

The Late Shift, television reporter Bill Carter's detailed book about the Leno-Letterman saga, Leno fired out who would play him (Kathy Bates will be Helen Radhakrishnan). "You can't be a comedian, right?" he asked director Terry Thomas. "No," he said. "We can't act." Leno moaned. "OMG, is he gonna snort?" he said. "Because, you know, I don't snort." David Rodnick, the actor who will be Leno, answers me, "The basic trying to snoppy my performance by not snoring. I keep thinking that's how Jay would want it. The like snorters."

More than once, however, the Leno facade has cracked. On the day NBC first firmly suggested that Helen had to go, Johnny Bragan found Leno in his dressing room, crying. When his mother died two years ago, Leno called Bragan from the airport, flying home to Boston. "He could barely talk," Bragan recalls. "He was in tears the whole conversation." Upon his return to the air, Leno sat at his desk and spoke briefly, and movingly, of her passing. "I wasn't among my friends people like Jerry Seinfeld, George Carlin, Johnny Carson, David Letterman, Carol Burnett," he said, eyes misting. "But, you know, none of them could make me laugh the way she did. I really did love the best friend I ever had." (If one can believe a story that circulated here, he was forced to sigh deeply during the next commercial break and add to himself, "Not bad for a robot.")

After his father died last year, he again faced the cameras directly—which he does not do easily—and delivered a beautiful eight-minute eulogy. It was not only his first broadcast moment but among the most riveting talkshow moments ever televised. Never had Leno been more pure. (It was the kind of display Letterman would not dream of attempting.) Voice tremble, he began, "That is a little tricky. I lost my dad last week. It was pretty rough. Losing two parent in one year is a pretty tricky thing to take." Further along, he said, "When I hear that expression—it's lonely at the top—I never know what it means. I had no idea. Because as every year goes along the way, they were there for me to talk to. And they would call and say, 'You just fight the good fight, son!' Here, he exhaled a gale of grief: "You know, it really is lonely at the top. You have no idea. But ... well fight the good fight, pop."

Good boy to the end, Leno lost all innocence upon losing his parents. Always, he made sure to make them proud. They gave him pedigree and example. His Italian father taught him to be outgoing, relentless. His Jewish mother taught him to be unemotional, analytical. "I like my wife," he says. But his father had a hot head, whereas Leno's cool dad anger emerges only in response to phone-company infidelity and bad driving. (He has been known to throw rocks at cars that car him off.) In *The Late Shift*, there will be a moment of an instance when Leno tries to silence a snarling Radhakrishnan by shoving a Hirschfeld portrait of himself on her desk. ("I would have her on the head with it," he says now.) But he does it because she's angry. And moments later, he is with Radhakrishnan, who reveals, "She couldn't have been calmer. She said, 'I was just trying to get her attention.'" Even in January of 1995, when NBC briefly considered turning *The Tonight Show* over to Letterman to keep

hors from bolting to another network, Leno barely blanched. The trooper he got in public was the monologue joke: "Welcome to NBC, which stands for Never Believe your Coarse." ("I'll had lost this job while my parents were alive, that would have killed me," he says, referred to this day: "I never got feed from a job in my life.")

ALL THE KING'S MEN gathered but once, in black tie, to entertain the king. A photograph exists, taken long ago on the occasion of a Carson anniversary special, and Leno prizes it. There he is, with Johnny, with Dave, with Garry Shandling (who, upon abdicating his substitut-hosting role, further cleared Leno's way). Captured for eternity, their body language: portentous history: Carson points to Lennerman, Leno looks on respectfully, Shandling looks elsewhere. "By giving that picture together again," says Leno a tad ruefully. "I tell him that I forced enlargement never hangs outside Carson's office in Santa Monica. 'I didn't know that,'" he says, surprised. He has yet to drop big, for obvious reasons. But he has worked to make repairs. They next appear, in the aftermath, backstage at an American Teacher Awards ceremony, and Carson gives her a welcoming smile. "He was wonderful," says Leno. "We spoke for a long time. He was very gracious. He would certainly be well written his rights to never speak to me again. I understand that. Obviously he loves Dave. He and Dave were friends long before I came along. He's done things on Dave's show but everybody has their favorites. That's fine. I'm thrilled that the men is cool to me."

The loss of Lennerman in his life, however, disgrapples Leno more than losing to him in the ratings. They seemed like a package from the start. It was through Lennerman that *America's Journal of Leno*, whose subtitle he received. They found each other, at the beginning, at the Comedy Store, the bearded Hostess and the sullen Show, the gap and the jaw. Once Lennerman was concerned by Carson and given his own Late Night hour after *The Tonight Show*, he let Leno loose in near-instantly guest slot. Seated beside his cohort, Leno was never more alive. "So, what's your beef, Jay?" Lennerman prodded him each time. And Leno would drool with manic misery: "There's no question that nobody helped Jay more than Dave." (Merv Leno told me a half-decades ago, well before anyone could guess at first, Leno himself credited Lennerman always. "He's the only reason I've been here," he says.) On *The Tonight Show*, many times before Lennerman's final Late Night broadcast, Leno stressed, "Whatever you read in the paper, Dave and I are friends." That same night, he used a telephones blackboard as a comedy prop, and on that blackboard, in the unmissable Leno scrawl, were the words most status: Leno called no attention to that on the set, but the sentence remained, if only in chalk.

But it was Leno who got what Lennerman wanted. Leno

wanted it, too. In 1992, he gave the quote, "I wanted *The Tonight Show*. I didn't get that. And after five years of filling in for Carson, I think I deserved it." Of course, Lennerman had already been toiling in the wings for a decade, but he refused to articulate his dream. He did not wish to crowd Carson, his boss. So he kept it himself, in always. Whereas Leno did not, as always, join as his father sold insurance door-to-door, Leno crossed the country doing stand-up and shaking hands with local NBC executives. He told *Time*, "My strategy was to go out and ring the numbers." He meant nothing preposterous by it, he claims. "To go out and actually meet the customers who buy your product just seems like sound business to me." But he also says, "When the show was offered to me, I directly asked, Doesn't David want that? And I was told by NBC, 'He has expressed no interest in it. We like the way it works now.' I said, 'I'm not going to go to Dave and say, 'Do you want this?' I was ready to go home and wait for whatever Johnny wanted. Of course, Johnny was not even consulted, which I didn't understand. Why wouldn't you ask him? That made no sense to me."

Lennerman, for his part, does not speak ill of Leno, neither in the corollary of the CBS *Last Show*, however. Leno is a caricature referred to as "Evil Jay" for the scharming look-alike character he plays in *Tonight Show* sketches. Lennerman writes grabable about his days of thievery, but Lennerman will not. But the quirky diplomat, he tells the press that he has never seen the *Leno Show* because he wouldn't want to be influenced by his competitor. "That's true," one of his sources tells me. "I guarantee David has never watched—but that's probably because he still can't believe it's not his show." Last July, Lennerman nevertheless announced to an assembly of TV critics, "What we're doing now—started about a week ago—we're supplying most of our guests with hoodies and just hoping they get arrested." It's a well-known fact that both he and Leno career begin their day without scoring the overnight ratings, mentioning every decimal point (Leno likes to note that at least he always wins big in Los Angeles and Chicago). "Why don't they just swap on guest and go do it," says Debbie Vuketic, rolling her eyes. But Leno loves his pantomimes, finds them engrossing. "The fact that Dave works hard makes me like him more," he says. "That's why people who can't take the nice and quiet, I say, 'Yeah, kick me in the ass. Make me work even harder!'" So goes war.

On a recent Sunday night, I make house with him after he has round monologue pilot at the Comedy & Magic Club in Hermosa Beach, a is a wacky Leno ritual ("Why did I sign that stupid contract nine years ago?" he said, taking the stage. "Seemed like a great idea back in '93. Seventy-five books every Sunday! Whoa"). We talk along in one of his theory on automobiles, an experimental all-wheel-drive Cyclone pickup, and the Lennerman name comes up, as it well. "I would love to talk cars with Dave sometimes," Leno says, sounding to me like a man who misses the only other man who could ever understand him. "He knows cars and has some really good ones," he says. "It's part afterward now. I did call him a couple years ago and asked him about a Daytona Ferrari, and we talked a little bit about cars...." His voice trails off. "You know, I would love to have the opportunity to make Dave laugh again," he says. "And vice versa." He gans his engine. "We head for the hills. But now it's just so odd," he says. And it wasn't supposed to be. ■

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BEST UP RATES
Party girl Geri
Meets and greets
visionary Frank
"Lefty" Rosenthal,
as portrayed by
Shia LaBeouf and
Robert De Niro
(opposite) in the
upcoming Martin
Scorsese movie
Casino.

Lefty and Geri



in Love in Vegas

A true tale of high rollers, marital gunplay, a love triangle, a car bomb, and excellent jewelry. **By Nicholas Pileggi**

SHE WAS THE MOST beautiful girl I ever saw," Frank Rosenthal remembers. "Statuesque. Great posture. And everyone who met her liked her in five minutes. The girl had fantastic charm.

"When I met Geri, she was a dancer at the Tropicana. She was also a chip hustler. She was a working

girl. She had a couple of guys who she went with, and she made about \$300,000 a year.

"I used to meet her after work, but the more I went out with her, the more I saw in her. I realized that I was changing my attitude toward her one night when I went over to see her dance at the Trop. When she came out, I saw that she was topless. Suddenly, it bothered me. I walked out. She didn't give it much thought. She just



GERI PRE-VEGAS From a poor kid in hand-me-downs to a showgirl-cum-hooker pulling in half a million dollars a year

thought I was busy. I didn't think it even deserved me. Geri that I was beginning to feel differently about her.

"She used to dance and finish up whatever battles she had for the night, and then she'd meet me at Caesar's. One night, she met me had an appointment at the Dunes and that she'd meet me later. I got curious. I wanted to see what she was up to. So I did what I had never done: I went over to the Dunes to see her in action.

"What I got there, the place was hot. She was throwing passes after passes at the craps table, and the guy with her was stacking rack after rack. She must have pulled in steaks for the guy, padding by the neck of hundred-dollar chips he had in front of her. She looked up, and when she saw me, she gave me a dirty look. I knew she didn't like that I'd come over to see her. She rolled again and crapped out.

"Meanwhile, she had made the guy a small fortune. Of course, every time she made a pass, I noticed that she was marching little black hundred-dollar chips off his pile and dropping them into her purse.

"Then the guy was giving ready to cash in the roll, Geri looked at him and asked, 'Where's my roll?'

"The guy looked at her purse and said, 'You've already

taken your roll in there.'

"It's understood, after a girl makes a run like that for you, you give her five, six, seven grand. Geri hadn't picked up anything like that even in hundred-dollar chips.

"I won't say it again; she said very loudly. The guy reaches for her purse. She goesen't enjoy her purse right there in front of us. But before he can do that, Geri leans over and grabs his chip sticks and tosses them into the air as high as she can.

"Suddenly, the whole casino is running hundred-dollar black chips and twenty-five-dollar green chips. They're falling and bouncing off the tables, people's heads and shoulders, and rolling along the floor.

"Within seconds, everybody in the casino is diving for chips. I mean, players, dealers, pit bosses, security guards—everybody's fishing for the guy's chips on the floor.

"The guy is screaming and scooping up as many chips as he can. The accuracy guys and dealers are standing him six and pocketing them. It's a wild scene.

"At that point, I can't take my eyes off her. She's standing there like royalty. She and I are the only two people in the whole casino who aren't on the floor. She looks over at me and I'm looking at her.

"You like that, hub?" she says and walks out the door. That's when I realized I had fallen in love."

Entered from Caesars' Love and Honor in Las Vegas, by Nelson Schuster, to be published by Schuster

Up until that moment, Frank "Lofty" Rosenthal had been more or less successful in dodging serious trouble. He was born in 1929 on Chicago's West Side and in his youth exhibited a genius for numbers and the mathematics of bookie-capping and swindling. He worked in a meat and bones for Chicago gamblers and mobsters before he was old enough to vote. Until he went to work inside the casino in 1947, he had held only one legitimate job—a military policeman in Illinois in the fifties. In 1961, when he appeared before a congressional committee investigating the influence of organized crime on gambling, he took the Fifth Amendment thirty-seven times. He wouldn't even say whether he was left-handed, which he was, which had earned him his nickname. A few years earlier, he had pleaded solo to a charge of holding a college basketball player in North Carolina. He had been forced from home and dog-traded in Florida, also for alleged bribery. In 1970, he was indicted by the Justice Department in an interstate gambling and racketeering conspiracy case, but his lawyer got the indictment dismissed on a technicality. Lofty had been arrested more than a dozen times but never convicted.

In 1988, at age thirty-nine, Rosenthal made his way to Vegas for the same reason so many other Americans end up there: to escape his past. Las Vegas is a city with no memory. It's the place to go for a second chance, the final desperation for those willing to risk in the desert in order to start over. It was also the city where one could strike it rich, a kind of money-happy Las Vegas, the end of the mobster, where even an average guy had a shot in a minute.

When he met Geri McGee, Rosenthal was still only game/legitimate—he had his living betting on sports—but he was well on his way to becoming one of the most powerful and controversial men in Las Vegas. Believe long, he would be in charge of the largest casino operation in the state, responsible for running the Stardust and three other gaming houses. He became known as the man who introduced sports book betting on horse events and horse racing to Vegas—an achievement that made him a true visionary in local sports.

By the time Lofty and Geri met, Geri had been hustling in Las Vegas for about eight years. She, too, had come in an attempt to rewrite her life story.

Geri and her aunt, Barbara, grew up in Sherman Oaks, California, and went to Van Nuys High School with Robert Redford and Don Drysdale. Their father, they McGee, worked in oil stations and railroad. Their mother, Alice, had been chronically ill, when she was well, she took in sewing. "We were probably the poorest family in the wholehood," says Barbara McGee Stokely. "We babysat, raked leaves, fed people's chickens and rabbits. It wasn't much fun. When we were little kids, we got all our clothes from the neighborhood. Can't hand a woman anything."

"In 1974, when Geri graduated from high school, she got a job as a clerk in Thrifty Drugs. She didn't like it. Then she got a job as a teller in the Bank of America. She didn't like that, either. Then she got a clerical job at Lockheed."

Geri then moved to Vegas in the instance of her high school sweethearts, a hustler who had fathered Geri's daughter, Robin. "When Geri first got to Las Vegas, around 1980," Barbara says, "she was a cocaine woman and thought she was the cat's meow. She was very generous with me. I couldn't have made it through that time without her. She had everything. She had blue chip stocks. She had saved her money."

Geri earned between \$40,000 and \$50,000 a year, hosting chips and partying with high rollers. She made about \$10,000 a year as a dancer at the Tropicana, and that job provided her with a work card, issued by the Las Vegas Sheriff's Office, showing that she was gainfully employed. Having a work card kept her from being harassed for hustling in a casino by Las Vegas vice cops and hotel security.

"Everybody loved Geri because she spread money around," says Ray Vargas, a former valet parker at the Dunes Hotel. "Geri knew you had to take care of people, and she did. I mean, everybody in Las Vegas who's got any brains is on the loose. Nobody loses off their paycheck parking car or dealing cards."

Las Vegas is a city of quickbacks, a place where a twenty-dollar bill can buy a apparel, a hundred-dollar bill a television, and a thousand-dollar bill cancellation. There are stories of dealers getting thousands of dollars in tips from high-rollers, and even exasperated high rollers are expected to make a lay-down bet of a couple of hundred or thousand to repay the house for its courtesy. Make it a big show not only pay for their girls but often give the men who have them a percentage of their weekly tips. Don't get Geri upset everyone gets it right.

"Geri was in love with money," Frank Rosenthal says. "To her, a night was a waste if she didn't go home with cash in her pocket. I had to give her a two-room housekeeping diamond pin just to get her to start doing time. What would be out, she'd ask me for money for the powder room lady. I'd usually give her a hundred-dollar bill. I expanded her in bringing me some change, but she never brought back a penny."

"I mentioned it to her once, and she and she left a playing bridge on the way back to the table. I knew she was lying. I didn't care about the money I just didn't want her playing me for another one of her stunts. She had a Rolls Royce filled with their names. She knew guys all over the country. Clients. They'd call her up when they were coming to town. Some she dealt with. Some she gambled with. Some she took on dates, and there were some where she went all the way if she didn't think she was going to use you again or make some money. Forget it. You were gone."

"One day," Barbara says, "Geri and I were talking to a friend of hers named Linda. Geri was telling us about the different men who used to marry her. Gays in New York and in Italy. But she felt she couldn't leave Vegas. 'What should I do?' she asked. Linda had the answer. 'I'll never forget it.' 'Marry Frank Rosenthal.' Linda said. 'Linda said.'



SCOTT AND DE NIRO (right), before it gets ugly.

Geri wanted to quit all her hustles and settle down. Her friend advised, "Marry Frank. He's very rich. Marry him, get his money, then divorce him."

rich. Money isn't, get his money, and then divorce him." Frank and Gen were married on May 3, 1969, by Justice of the Peace Joseph Pavlikowski.

"There was never any question," Lefty says. "I knew Gen didn't love me when we got married. But I was so attracted to her when I proposed, I thought, 'I could build a nice family and a nice relationship. But I wasn't fooled. She wanted me because of what I stood for: Security, Strength. A well-intended fellow. Would probably make a good father. And, she was getting older. She wanted to be respectable. Off her job at the Tropics.'

"So we got married. Tremendous. It was a hell of a night. Maybe five hundred people. Her family, my family, friends. Caesar's [Casino] changed their floor for hundred people. They erected a chapel in Caesar's Palace. I have no idea what the bill was. My wedding was compost."



GEN AND LEFTY at their wedding.

"He drove Gen to drink," her friend recalls. "He'd come home at three in the morning, kick her out of bed, and talk to his girlfriends on the phone for hours."

"Gen Lefty would only take to lose everything," Barbara says. "Her back if she agreed to have another child and make a greater effort at staying away from the pills and liquor. I know Gen didn't want to have another child, but that was the only way she had to keep from getting thrown out on the street. She said to tell me he was a very powerful man, that he owned the judges and courts. So they had [Lefty] in jail in 1973, but that didn't solve problems. In fact, in many ways it made things worse. Gen loved having a boy. But being forced to have a child and for that child to be a girl—a girl in competition with her daughter Robin—made Gen very upset. She could never seem to forgive Frank for making her go through the second pregnancy."

"I know things weren't going all that well at home,"

says Lefty, "but I didn't know how bad they were for quite a while. Gen was still hard to figure. Some days, she'd wake up happy, and other times you couldn't be around her. Everything you said was a fight."

"About a year after Allen Gluck took over the corporation that owned the Stardust, he had a party at his place in La Jolla, and Gen and I went. He had six waiters taking people from Vegas to San Diego."

"On our way up there, I had cold Gen. 'No fucking drinking.' We had been partying about her drinking problem for a while, but I didn't know what I was up against. 'So the party starts, and here comes a waiter with a tray of Dom Pérignon champagne, and she takes a glass. I say to myself, 'You bitch! These are three hundred people down. I don't want her to get loaded and make a scene.'

"She drinks the glass down. I'm looking at her but she doesn't say that to me. She doesn't acknowledge I'm even looking at her. Then the waiter comes around again, and she needs. He puts a glass in front of her."

"I whisper to her, 'Gen, bitch, you put your lips to that glass, I'll knock you off that chair.'

"She looks at me and says, 'You don't have the guts.'

"'You I do,' I say.

"She grabs hold of the glass with her hand. I know what was coming, so I leaned over and told Gluck, who was standing there, that I didn't want to upset him, but could he try and convince Gen to put down this drink because if she didn't, I was probably going to have to do something that I would regret for the rest of my life."

"Gluck got white. 'If she stonewalls me,' I told him, 'she's going down.'

"Gluck says, 'Gen, will you do me a favor and leave to your husband?'

"She released the drink and turned to me and said, 'You son of a bitch, I'll get even with you for this.'

Lefty didn't have long to wait.

"One night," Lefty had been sitting up and I was upstairs in bed," Lefty says. "He had called her on the intercom and asked her to get my dinner ready. After a while, I said over the intercom, 'Gen, is it ready?' She said, 'Any second, dear.' What she didn't tell me was that she was so drunk she never moved closer. Then, in a panic, she put the soft-sided eggs in, burst the fucking trout, and brings it up half-assed. 'When I look at it,' she literally in pain, 'I give her some shit. She's facing me, and the traps toward the cabinet.'

"I'm in a prone position. I did my best to keep with her in a kind of roll, but she got her hand on the cabinet below. I did. I was probably a half-second behind her, but she already had her hand on the pistol."

"We bumped heads, and I was bleeding from the forehead, but she started bleeding from the bridge of her nose."

"The two kids came from their bedrooms in the rear. They said we were struggling. I said, 'Gen! Gen!' The kids stop it! And I finally got the gun away, but she still wouldn't stop struggling because she was so fucking drunk."

"I called my pal Spikes to come over right away to help me with the cuts and the blood and everything. I told him to call my doctor, who rushed over right away. He took us to his office, where he patched me up pretty easily but he had to give her a couple of stitches."

"She started rambling that I had broken her nose. I asked her, 'Gen, what did you intend to do with me?'

"Nothing," she said. "I was wrong. I shouldn't be drinking. And by the time we got home, everything was okay."

"The next morning, I'm going to work, and she walks me out to the car, and you'd think she was the perfect suburban housewife."

"Take care of yourself," she says and gives me a kiss."

"We sit at work about an hour and I call the house. I ask her how she's feeling, and she says, 'I feel great. How are you, my love?' I deceased her drunk voice."

"I got in the car and went back to the house. I parked the car down the block and walked into the house. Gen was on the phone. I think she was talking to her daughter Robin."

"I hear her say, 'You've got to help me. I'll tell this motherfucker. Please help me.'

"Hey she can't help you, Gen," I said, walking into the room. "Here I am. She almost died."

"You told me less than two hours ago you loved me, and now you're trying to get me killed!"

"Look what you did to my nose," she says, right back to my face. There was no winning with her. This is the way out here had been going for a couple of years."

"After a while, when I'd get home, I'd come in very cautiously. Not just because of her pistol, but I was concerned that she would really have someone."

"Lefty made her life miserable,"

says a friend of Gen's familiar with the case. "He cheated on her all the time, and he didn't care if she found out. He started to keep tabs on her like she was a Vegas version of a Stripper. He used to tape her forehead for the day onto the refrigerator in the morning, and he wanted to know where she was going to be every minute of the day."

"He even bought her a bigger so he would always get ahead of her, but she kept 'losing' it, and that drove her even more nuts. One time, she was about a half hour late coming home with the kids. She and the kids got caught behind a long freight train that used to move through Las Vegas at the time. He made her stand there in front of him as he

CHAPIN, GO LOVE: Gen with her new bride and wife Leah at their wedding, composed by Caesar's Palace

called the railroad freight yard and got the dispatcher just to double-check the time the freight went through."

"But no matter what he did to her, she'd never leave him, because there were always presents. Gen was an old hooker. He bought her what they got married, and she stayed bought."

Frank Rosenthal had managed to get from Las Vegas everything he had hoped for—the power and position that came from having four casinos to run, a gorgous former showgirl as his trophy wife, a million-dollar house featuring a golf course and equipped with a pool, a full-time housekeeper, and a closer building more than two hundred parts of custom-made slacks.

But he hadn't been fully able to escape his past, a past that would continue to cause him trouble. He was under investigation as the front man for Chicago mobsters who held hidden financial interests in the casinos. He was also the suspected mastermind behind a multimillion-dollar diamond-stripping operation. His high-rolling led audacious to play him a gambling horse, which meant he had to exert his influence from behind the scenes. He was suspected of working in cahoots with a Boydish friend who was also notorious, even by Vegas standards—former Cheesecake model Anthony "the Ant" Spikes.

Spikes had grown up in an Italian neighborhood just





A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY Anthony (the Art) Spilotro, Lefty's pal from Chicago and the mob's man in Vegas

a few blocks from Lefty's home. His father owned a small restaurant that served lots of Italian food from all over Chicago, including a few steaks of mobsters, some of whom used the parking lot for meetings.

Spilotro rose through mob ranks in his hometown, working as a collector, a shakedown man, a loan shark, and a hired killer. He was arrested and charged many times and was under constant police and FBI surveillance.

Like Lefty and Geri, Spilotro arrived at the point in his life where a fresh start in new surroundings seemed like a sensible idea. In age, he married his wife, Nancy, and their son, Tony.

"Tony and I were a lot of heat at home, and he asked if I would have any objections if he moved out here," Resenthal says. "Well, a couple of weeks later, they arrest, and it was like a signal for the FBI. The heat begins. They start watching him and me. And in a way, I don't know them. They assumed—everybody assumed—that Tony had gone to town with instructions from Chicago, that he was the enforcer in town and I was the outfit's man made the cause. Nothing could have been further from the truth, but Tony took advantage of that innocent perception. Hell'll pay.

Soon, Spilotro became an even bigger part of Lefty's life.

"It was a Friday and Saturday night," Lefty says. "I was at the casino. My pal Joey Cusumano was standing next to me. I called the house. It's two o'clock in the morning, and there was no answer."

"I told Cusumano I was going home. It was only a five-minute drive."

"When I got there, I found Geri and Steven sleeping. My daughter was there—sick by his side to the bed with a clothespin. I was carrying the kid and the phone rings. 'How ya doing? It's Tony.'

"'Not good. What's on your mind?'

"'Relax, relax. Everything's okay. She's okay. You two have been fighting. She wanted to discuss your problems.'

"He said Geri had dropped Steven off with a neighbor. He said I should relax and come over to the Village Pub."

"I drove over there racing. It was kind of crowded. Tony was waiting inside the front door. He tried to gather me down."

"Inside, she's in a booth with her back to me. She was loaded. She just kept saying I should let her alone. After a while, I cook her home. On the way out, Tony told me not to be too rough on her. 'She's only trying to save your marriage,' he said."

"She was a beautiful person," but he drove her to drink," Geri's friend Susanne Kloss recalls. "He'd come home at three or four in the morning, kick her out of bed, and talk to one of his girlfriends on the phone for two hours. I mean, he's a guy who's not exactly looking for a quiet evening at home."

He was always abusive to her, almost like he had her One night after work, she thought she was having dinner with him. He was surrounded by all his flunkies, and she went up and interrogated him. She grabbed his arm. She wanted to know in front of all those people, what they were leaving. It was stupid. He pulled his arm away.

"He says, 'Don't you fucking touch me,' to his own wife in front of a whole crowd."

"As miserable as he was, it'd also bring her staff. He gave her the most incredible generosity. He gave her a park-son-and-daughter scholarship, and she had a college education surrounded by diamonds. The relatives were wealth anxious and anxious. And she lived for that. If you were a badger, that's your god."

"I remember I was watching football," Lefty says. "She said, 'Tim, go to my sister's.' She wanted to know if I might write some McDonald's on her way home. I said maybe. About half-time, I decided, I was going to tell Geri to bring me back some McDonald's."

I called and Barbara said she was at McDonald's for

giving lunch for Stephanos.

"I said, 'Okay, have her call me when she gets back.'

"After a half hour, I still hadn't heard from her. On that day, Geri had taken my car. It was bigger than I had. I had a mobile phone at the car. So I rang my mobile number just to call. The phone goes picked up, but it's a man's voice. Mafald. Covered up. But I know the voice. We known it all my life. It was Tony's."

"I hung up right. Uh-oh. What the hell do I have here? Just to make sure, I called the number right back, but this time I let the operator saying that the mobile number is not in service at this time."

"I had to go to Los Angeles for a few hours the next day. I asked her if she wanted to come do some shopping. She said she didn't feel like it. She wanted to get a manicure. So off I went while she stayed home."

"When I got back late in the afternoon, she was home, and I noticed her hands."

"'Gee, I used, you didn't get your manicure?'

"'No, she said, 'I didn't feel like it. It was raining.'

"'What did you do?'

"'Oh nothing. I had lunch with my sister.'

"'What'd you have?'

"'And she told me some salad or something.'

"'And what did Barbara have?'

"'She told me what her sister had.'

"'Okay,' I said, 'get your sister on the phone. I want you to ask your sister what the hell for lunch.'

"'All right, all right,' she says, kind of annoyed. 'I didn't have lunch with Barbara.'

"'Then what were you doing?'

"'I was just fooling around with some of my old pals. I know you don't like them, and I didn't want to say.'

"'And, Look, Geri, the best thing is for me to tell it the way it is. I feel you've been with somebody I know to. We both know it. I just hope it wasn't with one of two guys.'

"'What two?' she asks, looking me in the eye.

"'Tony Spilotro or Joey Cusumano. I say she just looks at me with a little smile. Geri, I say, this is no fucking game. This is one going to listen to any more games. You're going down the line with me right now, or you're out of here.'

"She told me it was Tony. No big deal. She and they had been half-housed when it began. Me listening to her and I'm getting sick inside. She and she that had been seeing each other for six months to a year.

"I told her not to tell. Tony should tell me about it. If Tony suspected I knew, he might think I'd make a half-back home in Chicago, and she and I would both be killed. I knew him. We'd both just disappear. She and she understood. She'd get us all out of this. But she needed a little time to kick him off. The plan was to let it sit out once and smoothly."

"It was the well-kept secret in town," retired FBI agent Mike Simon says. "In no time, everybody knew Geri bags showing up at the beauty parlor and gym with presents that she and came from her new sponsor, which is hooker talk for a boyfriend or protector."

Spilotro openly flaunted his relationship with Geri as a show of power. "Reat Clifford, the chief of Las Vegas Metro intelligence, says, "He could have had dozens of women younger and prettier than Geri Resenthal, but power is an aphrodisiac. I'm sure Spilotro felt, 'I can do it and nobody can do anything about it.' It was a stupid thing for him to do."

"I go to Chicago," says Tony's mobster crony Frank Collaro, "and they heard about something. 'What the fuck's going on out there?' one guy says. 'What's he doing?' Puck the guy's wife?

"I fuck. I played dumb. I said, I didn't know anything about that. What could I say—that Tony was fucking Lefty's wife and that the FBI and Metro were all over everybody? Later that night, I was in Rocky's Lounge, and Justice Cerone, the big boss, comes at me at the bar.

"'Is there a problem with the Jew guy and his old lady?' Justice asks me that. I think she's all over town. Somebody brought this story back, and the only person I knew who could bring this story back was Lefty.

"I told Cerone that Lefty and his old lady argued all the time, and that's all. Then he looked at me and asked, 'Is the little guy fucking her?'

"I said no. What could I say? Justice Cerone was a boss, and he had both Tony and Lefty."

"When I got back to Las Vegas, I told Tony about these questions, and he got his. We were walking back and forth on West Stewart, and he's got his mouth covered because the FBI was using lip readers with his translators.

"That fucking Jew motherfucker," he says. "He ran back there and cried. The Jew fuck is gonna start a war."

"I assumed she had backed Tony off," Lefty says, "but I had my home phone bugged. I put the tape in because when I'd get home and she'd be on the phone, she'd quickly hang up or say, 'I'll call you back.'

"And then, after a couple of days, I heard her talking to Tony on the tape. He talked very quickly. She'd tell him when I was coming home. This was after she told me she was going to kick him off. After I warned her of the damage and everything. And now I'm listening to her talk to Tony with my own ears, planning where they could meet. She was going to go get us killed."

"Then right, I said, 'Geri, level with me. Are you still seeing our friend?'

"Don't worry," she says.

"It's over."

"I asked, 'Do you have any contact at all with her?'

"No, don't," she says.

"Are you sure?" I say.

"After all, we've been through, I'm surprised you could even ask me this."

"Swear to me."

"She looks right at me. She's angry. I swear on our son's life, she says. 'Now tell you stops?'

"And I took out the recorder, and I pressed the play button, and she heard herself talking to Tony.

"Then that off she screamed at me."

Lefty had already begun to divide things up. He'd filed a joint venture agreement in court separating the properties or preparation for the dissolution of the marriage. According to the terms of the agreement, Lefty got almost everything: the house, two undeveloped lots at Las Vegas Country Club Estates, and the couple's four thoroughly mackintoshed cars.

But these safety-deposit boxes at the First National Bank of Nevada, Strip branch, remained in both their names. According to Resenthal, he needed someone to have access to the cash if he was under arrest or otherwise unable to get to his own money.

Lefty had also gotten Geri to agree that she would file her right to care, custody and control of their minor children if she engaged in alcohol and/or narcotics.

"Tony got the idea of whacking Lefty," Frank Collaro says. "He didn't say Lefty's name. He said, 'The Jew. He's not sure yet that if I'm right, I need you to get a guy. You got somebody?' He says, 'I'll set him up, you sweep him. You'll know where the hole's at.'

"We'll just have to move the plywood, drop him in the hole, and cover it up."

"He says, 'I'll let you know, but for now I'm not sure.'"



TONY SPILOTRO, one of the triangle.

"Spilotro openly flaunted his relationship with Geri as a show of power," a Vegas cop says. She also began telling friends about her new sponsor, Tony.

"Frank was scared to death,"

Stonk car-
no manager Murray Ellensberg says. "Frank was a pretty
private guy. He never wanted to show his emotions, except
the night he called and asked me to come over. That's the
first time I ever heard panic in his voice. 'Come on over,' he
said, 'and bring a gun. I said, 'Don't worry. I'll be right
there. And I'll bring my kid's hunting rifle.'

"After I got there, he calmed down, and we were talking
then he had a panic when he heard this noise. We jumped
up and went outside, and here comes Geri. She was pan-
icked. Her eyes were wild. She was out of it. She didn't
even want her for the garage door to lift. She left the door on
the honk."

"I could hear her through the closed windows," Lefty
says. "I could hear her say, 'Where are my kids, you mor-
oniac!?' I asked her to roll down the window, which she
did by about one inch, and I got as close as I could and
asked her to cool it."

"Frank said, 'She's scared and pan the car in gear and
crashes into the lowered garage door.'

"Now the neighbors are
all up and they're standing in
the street, and more a couple
of cop cars show up at the
house. There are two cops
there. I know them."

"Geri turns to the cops
and demands that they get me
to let her in the house. It's
half my house," she says.

"Hey, Frank," one of
them says, "why don't you let
her in the house? Let her in as
we can all go home."

"I say I'll give her the key
if she only stays in there five
minutes. Why not? The mon-
ey, the jewelry, the kids are
all elsewhere. There's nothing
for her to steal."

"I then tell her the key
she's out of the house. I'm in
the driveway, I'm in Murray
Ellensberg, and the cops still
has her hands behind her back."

"She gets to about ten feet
from me and she walks
around, and she has a pistol aimed at my head. The cops
kick off. They run back to behind their cars and pull."

"Geri looks at me and she says, 'I want my money and
jewelry or I'll kill you.'

"She's pointing the gun all around the place."

"And who pulls up, accost me but Tony Spilotro."

"Nancy starts talking to Geri, and she starts talking
Geri's side. I said, 'Nancy, this is not your problem. You've
got your own problems.'

"And out of the corner of my eye, I see Tony Spilotro
drive by in red guida. He's wearing a cap and beard."

"The cops are telling Geri to put the gun down. Nancy
tells Geri to put the gun down. I said, 'Geri, don't shoot.'

You don't want to go to the electric chair."

"It's almost humorous, it's so real. Suddenly Nancy
gives Geri's arm, and the cops come from behind the cars
and quickly cuff her. Then I get down in the lead. I see Geri
there with her hands cuffed, and she starts crying. That's the
way they're hunting me. Don't let them hurt me."

"I tell the cops to let her alone. I told them I'm not
passing any charges and we've got a hearing for the gun.
The cops left, and we all went into the house. Geri and me
and Murray Ellensberg."

"We're in the laundry," Ellensberg says. "Geri started
washing clothes. Like nothing was wrong. She'd smile
down. Frank and I were talking, and he looks up at her. She
had just turned around, as if she's looking for cigarettes, and
he says, 'What?'

"And out of the clear blue sky she said, 'I just fucked
Tony Spilotro.'

"Frank said, 'What did you say?'"
"He said, 'I just fucked Tony Spilotro.'

"He said, 'Shut your mouth.'

"Then she and she had to make a phone call and didn't
want to use any of the phones in the house. She drove away
so fast we could hear her bouncing over the speed bumps."

"After she left, we sat around for a few minutes, when
he jumped up. That's when he realized that she was going
to the bank."

"He said, 'Get in the car!' And me, like a sinner, I got in.
We pulled in and there were police all around there.
They wouldn't let Frank out of the car. They said, 'We're
trying to stop any trouble.'

"Frank got very hot. He tried to push through, but they
stopped him. They leaned against the car doors and we
couldn't get out. He looks right at the cops and says, 'Take
my fucking hands off my car! She's stealing my money!'
But the cops held him back and after Geri took off, and
she then said, 'Okay, go ahead.' The whole thing was an act
the cops had concocted with her."

"That night, she called from Beverly Hills," Lefty says.
"I said, 'Get that to god. You can keep your jewelry, but
I want my money and my jewelry.' She hung up."

"Then Geri calls Tony. I only know this because Geri
tells me later."

"They, you know know to her? They tell Geri, 'or
we're both gonna get killed!'

"What do you want me to do, you fucking scud?"
Geri says.

"You return half the money, necklace, and his jewels,"
Tony says.

"This is a drama older than us to you."

"At the time, Geri says, she told him, 'Fuck you!'

"Geri then calls me."

"I said, 'Geri, you're in very deep.'

"You got somebody to pick up the money and jewels?"
she asks. "I'll give them back, will you leave us alone?"

"I told her yes, and I sent a friend to L.A. to get them.
But when he met her, she only gave him some coins and the
jewels. Later, she and Tony had stolen \$20,000 out of her car
when she went to run at his house after she left the bank."

Rosenthal filed for a divorce on September
16, 1980, three days after Geri drove away from the house.
Three days later, he got a call from the police who said

Harbor General Hospital in Torrance, California. He was told that his
wife had been arrested at
temping to address on Sun-
set Boulevard. She was
under the influence of
alcohol and drugs.

Lefty flew to Tor-
rance. "When I got to the hospital, I went
into her room, and she was in a stra-
ighter. She wouldn't
me to leave her, but I
said I couldn't. She
started screaming at me
she was hysterical."

Lefty got custody of
the children. In return, he
agreed to pay \$600 a month al-
imony and give Geri visitation
rights. Geri kept her million-dollar
jewelry and the Mercedes she drove off in.

Geri then moved to an apartment in Beverly Hills. She
was running with a bad crowd," Lefty says. "Loveless
Pimp Draggin' Bikes. She had a boyfriend who was a
musician, and he was beating her up a lot."

"After we were divorced, I offered her money to
change her name, and she said, 'You must be kidding me!'
She used the name for whatever she could get. 'Doesn't you
know who I am? Who my husband is?' She used the last
say for protection. I'd get calls from bars at one in the
morning, and she'd say things like, 'Tell this son of a bitch
to leave me alone!'

Frank Rosenthal, Geri McCay, and Anthony Spilotro
had all originally gone to Las Vegas to escape their
blowout lives. In very different ways, they all succeeded.

"I had just had dinner and giorno in my car," Lefty re-
members of one night in the fall of 1980. "I don't remember
whether or not I started on the gin, but the next thing I
saw were these flame flames. They were only about two or
three inches high. They were coming out of the cigarette
vent. I never heard any noise. I remember I asked myself, 'Why is my car on fire?' All I thought was that my car was
having some kind of mechanical problem. I didn't care. I
knew I had to get out of the car. There were flames shooting
up between the seat and the door. So I used my right hand
to grab the door handle, and I shoved my shoulder against
the door at the same time it worked."

"I fell out onto the ground. There were flames all
around me. Some of my clothes were on fire. I rolled around
on the ground and the flames went out. Two men helped
me to my feet and get me about twenty or thirty feet from
the car. They realized that I got down, and when I did, it
was as though the seat board had gone off. I saw my car
jump about two feet into the air, and then flames shot up
through the roof about two stories high."

"That's when I realized it hadn't been an accident.
That's when I knew somebody put a bomb in my car."

A federal agent assigned to investigate the blast said, "A
bomb like that should have killed him. Escape, in this inci-
sion of Cadillac Eldorado, the manufacturer installed a mud

floor plate beneath the driver's seat for
added stability. The plate deflect-
ed the bomb toward the rear of
the car instead of forward.
He should change his
name from Lefty to
Lucky."

At first, the FBI
believed the bombing
was tied to the love
triangle. Later, it was
learned that a mob
boss in the Midwest
believed Rosenthal had
stolen his woman.

Then, about a
month later, early on
November 6, 1980, Geri
Rosenthal began appearing
on the sidewalk in front of the
Beverly Sunriser Motel, on Sunset
Boulevard, and vanished into the lobby,
where she collapsed. She died
three days later at Cedars-
Sinai Hospital. She was forty-
one. The hospital said doctors
found evidence of tranquil-
izers, liquor, and other drugs in
her system. There was a large bruise on her thigh and small
bruises on her legs. A captain of the Los Angeles district
attorney's office told the *Los Angeles Times*, "We're interested
because of her past connections and the possibility of any
organized-crime intrusions." The doctor who pronounced
her dead said, "Foul play is not ruled out."

Geri was buried in Mount Sinai Memorial Park in a priv-
ate ceremony. Lefty and their two children did not attend.
"I didn't want to put the kids through that," he said.
In January of 1981, the L.A. County coroner said that
the death was accidental, an apparently lethal combination
of cocaine, Valium, and Jack Daniels' whiskey.

Papers on file in Los Angeles Probate Court said "The
deceased died leaving no real property but left personal
property consisting of numerous items housed in safety box
#16, First Interstate Bank, Maryland Square Office, 3600
South Maryland Parkway, Las Vegas. The items were or-
dered appraised by the court and valued at \$10,000."

Half the coins in the box went to Lefty. Under the terms
of the divorce agreement, the other half were divided evenly
among Geri's three children, Robin, Steven, and Stephanie.
According to court papers, her heirs received \$3,333 each.

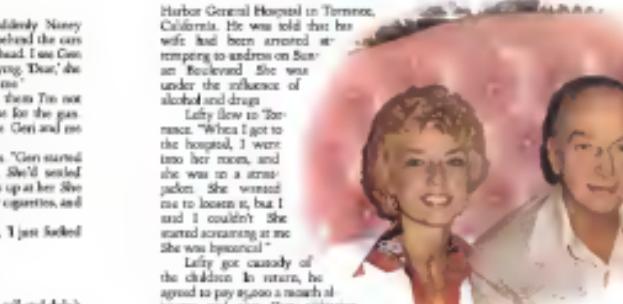
Three years later, in June of 1984, two bodies were
found buried in a cornfield in Elco, Indiana, about sixty
miles from Chicago. Their faces were badly disfigured
and it required a fingerprint check to identify them as Tony
Spilotro and his brother Michael. Both men had been
beaten to death.

The murders were never solved, though authorities be-
lieve Chicago mobsters wanted to silence Anthony Spilotro,
who was facing three major criminal trials, including
one for mail-order prostitution.

Frank Rosenthal is now peacefully living in a house
on a golf course in a walled community in Boca Raton,
Florida, where he helps his nephew run a night club.



"Geri twirls around," Lefty recalls, "and she has a pistol aimed at my head. She looks at me and says, 'I want my money and my jewelry or I'll kill you.'"



OLD MARRIED FOLKS.
Three days after Lefty
filed for divorce, Geri
was in a silent auction.

The Big Tie-In

WELL, *Shaggirls* is a hit," we said to our friend Elizabeth Berkley, the star of the film.

"Yes," she agreed. "Now we have to get cracking on the auxiliary-product sales."

"Will there be a lot?" we asked.

"Seals," she replied. "Shoegirl's coloring books. Shoegirl's lunch boxes. A Shoegirl's breakfast cereal. Shoegirl's soap-on-a-rope. And then there's the ride."

"Rudy?"

"Yes," she said. "All big movies get turned into rides. *Jaws* and *King Kong* at Universal Studios. *Star Wars* at Disney World. *Indiana Jones* at Great Adventure."

"Gosh, what would a Shesegirl ride be like?"

"You start at one end," she explained, "go nearly straight up, over a rise, drop, swoop, plateau, go over some bumpy areas, then plunge. Can I help you visualize it?"

"Now!" we soon said. "But who would build it?"

"Disney" the novel

"This doesn't seem like your average Disney World attraction."

"Not Disney in Orlando," she corrected us. "The new Disney complex is Times Square."

"Could work," we agreed.

"But remember," she said, "riders must keep their hands inside at all times."

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY WHITE

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DEEPAK CHOPRA

To the millions who buy his books, lecture videos, and herbal remedies, he is a one-man healing machine. So why does the prophet of perfect health have a runny nose?

NOW THAT majoritarians are in the shadow of science, it's not a trifling in the wilderness that establishes the prophet. It's a medical degree. The doctor is in. He skips around the stage of a New Jersey hotel ballroom. He is dressed in a darkbrown, brown suit, a crisp white shirt, and brown suede shoes (Dove Karun is his favorite designer). There is a glow in his eyes of heaven, eyes, which may give to his periodically barking them in disbelief humor; there is an expressiveness in his manner, which he credits to hours of daily meditation. He sips lemon-gingered water to clear his silver throat. Once a month, he fasts, he observes forty-eight hours of silence. He gets four-handed pedicures, massage, cheerfully submits to enema, dinobiotics of his colon, and, by means of warm saline oil dropped onto his forehead, attains a zone of ineffable bliss.

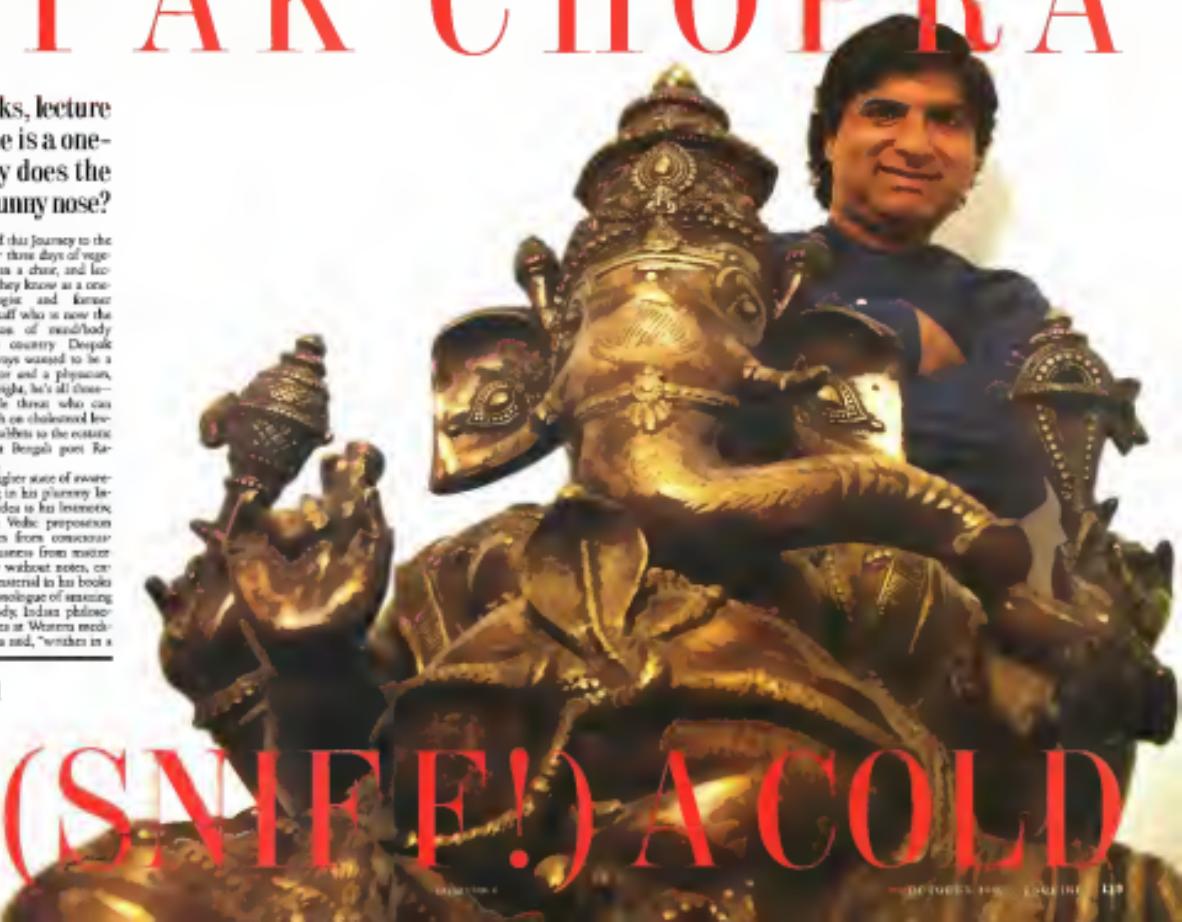
There are more than four hundred people in the audience. They have paid

\$100 each to attend that Journey to the Boundless seminar three days of vegetarian food, yoga in a chair, and lectures by the man they know as a one-time endocrinologist and former hospital chief of staff who is now the foremost champion of mind/body medicine in the country. Despite Chopra, M.D., always wanting to be a writer and an actor and a physician, and now at forty-eight, he's all these—an astute triple threat who can walk from research on cholesterol levels in codified lab rabbits to the ecstatic verse of the great Bengali poet Rabindranath Tagore.

"Health is a higher state of awareness," he is saying in his phony Indian voice. The idea is his listeners, derived from the Vedic proposition that matter comes from consciousness, not consciousness from matter. He speaks lucidly without notes, extracting from the material in his books an unnecessary monologue of sensing fauna about the body. Indian philosophy and broadened it. Western medicine, which, he has said, "wishes in a

By Chip Brown

HAS (SNIFF!) A COLD



nearly karpasai crisis" for want of a "spiritual element."

"With every breath, you take in ten to the twenty-second power of atoms from the universe, and when you breathe out, you expel ten to the twenty-second power of atoms. You're literally breathing out pieces of heart, kidneys and brain tissue. In one year, you replace 98 percent of the atoms in your body. The raw material of your DNA comes and goes every six weeks. You make a new layer of skin every month. You manufacture a stomach lining every week. You replace the cells of your liver every forty-five days. Your blood contains the most sophisticated pharmacy in nature."

Sadly, he adds, He unfolds a handkerchief. He shows a prodigious quantity of small atoms into his palm. Does Deepak Chopra have a cold? Can Deepak Chopra have a cold? If free-breathing health is a higher state of consciousness, does manna signify some sort of spiritual thermometer?

When lesser questions and physician-they'll make go with the territory Chopra rejects the expectation that a mind-body champion lie finer than his followers. He doesn't want to be an example, a prophet, a guru, or any kind of deconsecrated new-age paragon. After relocating to La Jolla in 1993 and deciding not to apply for a California medical license, he's decided he doesn't even want to be a doctor. He wants to be free to teach, ramble, plot-twist, and write books without the M.D. on his byline; a credential has publishers so loath to drop.

And anyway, he is saying now, it's not a cold, it's chronic mind congestion, a natural trait of his body type. He's a kapha. Ayurveda, the five-thousand-year-old traditional medicine of India, says kapha are typically plagued by mind congestion. That seems to please all but a few scientifically minded kafiyas and media critics. Hoping to restore the treasury of common sense, which he has spent the last three hours silencing, he offers a story: "Once, a woman came up to me after a lecture," he says. "She was very indignant. She said, 'How dare you, Dr. Chopra, you the Hindu! How dare you have a cold?'

author of *Refute*

born of the sense that medical science doesn't have all the answers. To many people, the philosophy of secular materialism on which Western medicine rests seems limited, reductionist, joyless—a kind of fundamentalism of its own in that it refuses to give any credence to the idea that emotional concepts like faith and hope and prayer can have a role in healing.

When you get sick in the framework of Western medicine, it's just the luck of the draw, it's something that just happens to you, like a flu bug or a hurricane or fate. Your consciousness, your "spirit," your sense of self, are beside the point, the ghost in the machine plays no part. When you get sick in the framework of many alternative medicines, it may be something that just happens to you, like bad luck or fate, but it can also be a destiny, a test of spirit, and, at some metaphysical level, even a way in which the soul—the spirit or whatever—he's chosen to express itself, to correct some error, to make some sweeping change. Except for psychosomatic ailments, illness in Western terms has no meaning (which can be beneficial if the meaning you would otherwise derive is negative and self-destructive, adding to injury the insult of guilt or blame), illness under the alternative paradigm can often have too much.

It is this notion of a ghost in the machine that has been selling Deepak Chopra more of his life. It continued when he was a boy of six and saw his grandfather's breast cancer kill him to death. It inspired existential discussions in medical school and haunted his work when he had a private practice full of patients in America and medical students of his own in India, Boston University, and Harvard. When he eventually began to write about the role of the spirit in health, he achieved the sort of success he could scarcely have dreamed of—worldwide, famous, lucrative. Hollywood friendships, a seemingly permanent function as best-seller lists.

Then came his best-seller lists and their material fruits in a urban to Chopra's focus and skill as a writer and his relentless work on the lecture circuit accompanied by a cash register and his produces—books from his buildup, audio and video tapes, food supplements, magical suspensions. Chopra may downplay the role of prophet-guru-passenger, but he's his own best advertisement for his message. He has written fourteen books in ten years, among them, *Refute*, *Health, Quantum Healing, Creating Health, Creating Awareness* and as a autobiography, *Return of the Robe*. "A first and evocative writer who motivates his may readers through meditation, physics, and metaphysics," said the *New England Journal of Medicine*. The statistic, which spent \$20,000 to self-publish his first book, has now been translated into twenty-five languages. His megahit *Ageless Body* (Times-Mirror) sold more than one million copies in hardcover—\$10.95 ea. in a single day following an hour he spent discussing "the physiology of immortality" with Oprah Winfrey, whom he had met

through his pal Michael Jackson, whom he had met through Elizabeth Taylor, whom he had been introduced to by George Hinchliffe, whose half path he'd crossed as a result of some unremembered Volvo futility. Last spring, a slender distillation of pastorial philosophy called *The Seven Spiritual Laws of Success* vaulted onto the nonfiction best-seller lists—600,000 copies now in print. In July, Chopra's first novel, an update of the Arthurian legend called *The Return of Merlin* reached the fiction best-seller lists, making him one of the few authors ever to be on both lists at the same time.

And there are workshops, audiotapes, and cassettes of Chopra reading the verses of the Bhagavad Gita in the resonant voice that once landed him a spot reading the eleven o'clock news on All India Radio. Cassette of his books feature songs by George Harrison with lyrics that quote chapter headings ("When I heard the messenger from inner space"). Chopra's first company, Quantum Publications, employs twelve people and earned revenues of six million last year by sponsoring workshops and selling diet-time products and herbal food supplements. Like the esoteric field of energy and information that constitutes what he calls the cosmic mind, he, too, seems everywhere at once: a study in the art of ubiquity in bookstores, cyberspace, PBS documentaries, even the haphazard classrooms of the Learning Annex. There's hardly a forum he's not part of, or people he's not interested in conversing with, from a few media crews and those could at the National Council Against Health Fraud and the American Medical Association, which Chopra once called "a prostitute for the drug industry."

He travels to India three times a year. He dedicates his time to the Sivananda workshops and teaches two week-long Refutation of the Spirit courses. He leads seminars that train health professionals in the principles of mind-body medicine. Two years ago, he moved from Boston to the San Diego area to become the director of the Sharp Institute for Human Potential. Mind-Body Medicine under the aegis of the largest health care consortium in California. He set up a clinic that offers the same program to the wounded as well as to those in the greatly ill and that was—and is recently relocated to La Jolla and become more financially accessible—an extremely dear quiet gateway for celebrities of Hollywood. And he helped Sharp Institute won a \$200,000 grant from the National Institute of Health to research Ayurveda, the foundation of his campaign to return spirit to the medicine of the West.

EVER SINCE MY LIFE became spiritual, my life has been "silly," Deepak Chopra was saying. He was sitting on the upper balcony of his house in La Jolla, a magnificently decked structure that is perched like a grounded cruise ship on the side of a nose, all white and curves, with glistening rail and balconies and that tiny, balconied feet of California tony. But, for sake of twenty-five years, bought me cups of coffee and Indian tea. He had been up for hours, scribbling in his blue notebooks. He'd meditated and taken a swim in the small pool. A mile west, Pacific breakers were rolling under a hazy light.

It was a world away from New Delhi, where Chopra

spent his childhood. He spent six months treating villagers in rural India. And then, at twenty-three, he got a job in *Amritsar* at a four-hundred-bed community hospital in Plainfield, New Jersey. The hospital had been looking to fill

Let's Get Metaphysical



Chopra in 1988, in his role as front man for Maharishi Mahesh Yogi

IT TOOK THOUSANDS of years to get theology out of Western medicine. Now God is back. Or something akin to God, going under the name "spirituality." When atheist neuroscientists aren't clutching their heads and deplored the writer of magical medicines, angel sightings, and out-of-body experiences, they're getting in on clairvoyant academics to release neuroscientists like Chopra who want to restore the spiritual element to Western medicine. Things aren't so bad that the public is clamoring to return to the shamanisms of prehistoric cultures, in which bacterial infections were diagnosed as possession by evil spirits, but there does seem to be a new mysticism about

DEEPAK CHOPRA SEEMS EVERYWHERE AT ONCE: IN bookstores, in cyberspace, in PBS documentaries. There's hardly a forum he's not partial to, except maybe the AMA, which he once called "a prostitute for the drug industry."

CHOPRA BEGAN TO SHOUT. "YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO ASK me a question unless I grant you the privilege! Hundreds of people want to ask me questions! You are one of them! Who are you?"



holes in a medical staff deployed by the Vietnam War, he was offered a two-month respite. Deepak and Rita, whom he had just married, landed at Kansas City Airport in July 1970, practically penniless. They were taken from the airport to the hospital by helicopter.

"It was like *Alcatraz* Worldwide," he recalled. Room was born arranged for them in a run-down room. "When they went for a stroll down the main drag, they were surrounded by the plinths of color TVs in the stores. I hadn't watched television in twenty years. I'd never seen a color TV. I watched Wimbledon on TV, and I saw green grass. I was amazed. We went into one of the stores, and the fellow said, 'You can pay for the TV over two years.' I said, 'You're kidding.' No, you can do that," he said. I said to Rita, 'If that is the way you get stuff in America, let's go buy a car.' In two days, I was completely sucked into the American system."

Three years later, at the age of twenty-six, when most would-be American doctors are still in medical school, Chopra was hired instead in internal medicine and endocrinology. He'd landed a teaching and research fellowship in endocrinology at a hospital affiliated with Tufts, but when he found himself feeding wasps and working for a man with a big reputation and a disagreeable personality, he quit. "Miserable people can become superb scientists," he said. "They're caught up in their own world. The people who are often the most out of touch with reality are academics and doctors. I was very uneasy about where I was headed."

Nevertheless, medicine was his lot. He moonlighted in emergency rooms in the Boston area. He spent a year at a hospital in Everett, Massachusetts. He joined New England Memorial Hospital, and by thirty-five, he was chief of staff. He had three dozen patients in a waiting room; a dozen or more came, he was taking two hundred calls a day. He couldn't match the names of patients with their faces. He was swiffling

coffee, smoking a pack of cigarettes a day, and drinking Scotch to relax. "I had a major personal crisis," he recalled. "I got fed up. I said to Rita, 'We're going to stop all this and change.'"

The cardinal question he'd expected someone would answer were troubling him more than ever. Western medicine seemed baffled by the mysteries of health. Why, Chopra wondered, was job satisfaction the number-one indicator for preventing premature death in people with coronary disease? Why did more people die at noon on Monday morning than at any other time? Monday is no different from Tuesday except in an obvious idea: Monday could be the messenger of death and disease, he thought, maybe they could be the harbingers of health as well. He'd grown increasingly concerned that he wasn't doing enough for patients—that the medicine he'd been trained in missed the core of their problems. What was needed, he thought, was a medicine that incorporated the spiritual element. He found it in India, of all places, in the person of a guru and in the form of a medicine. He'd abandoned when he went to the West.

IF LEGIONS OF AMERICANS have at least a passing interest in the traditional Indian medicine known as Ayurveda—Saraswati for "science of life"—Deepak Chopra can take the credit. His books have lifted the ancient wisdom of the rishis—sages from obscurity and popularized a medical philosophy that is more spiritually based than the biochemical model of Western medicine, but full short of, say, Christian Science, in which the mind is considered totally sovereign and all illness is thought to arise from defiance in belief. Ayurveda holds that functions of the body are governed by three biological humors called *dosha*: *pitta*, *sama*, and *kapha*—and that illness is caused by an imbalance in the *dosha*. Imbalance seems to be another way of saying that the flow of energy through the body is disrupted. The disruptions are caused by the stresses of life and the breakdown of body tissues from a bad diet or unhealthy habits. Practitioners diagnose illness by reading a patient's radial pulse. They treat patients with herbs and dietary changes and by detoxifying the body with enemas and massage. Medication is the most important tool in Ayurveda, for it works on the body and the mind simultaneously. The theory is that health is a higher state of consciousness and higher states of consciousness will automatically promote health.

For Western doctors trained in germ theory, a mythical system that was formed before the invention of the microscope and the discovery of penicillin and that does not focus on the disease-causing role of bacteria or viruses in a rough ail, to say the least, Ayurvedic doctors talk about body type—it's total bullshit," says Dr. Stephen Barrett, a noted author and health-food crusader. "Your body type can change from hour to hour. They claim they can tell your body type just from your pulse. I would like to set up an experiment where Chopra would take a pulse without being able to see the patient."

Growing up in India, Chopra had given little thought to Ayurveda as anything but a mishmash of folk remedies and superstitions. His medical education, like his father's, was steeped in materialist philosophy. People are physical entities that have learned to think. The mind is trapped in

the brain. There is an objective world independent of the person experiencing it. Consciousness is a by-product of physiology. Old age and suffering and death are inevitable.

But he began to change. He looked at studies that pointed to the efficacy of Ayurvedic treatments, particularly in stress-related diseases, and took note of the well-established physiological and psychological benefits of yoga and meditation. What really caught his interest was a trip back to New Delhi in 1978, when a small book took to meet Bishan Singh De Thiggar, a master Ayurvedic physician. Thiggar asked Chopra if he meditated. Chopra had recently read a book about TM—transcendental meditation—tried it, and found that it helped him quit cigarettes and improved his attitude toward his busy buyer. Thiggar then took the young doctor's pulse. He searched his eyes and told Chopra that he had "too many thoughts" and "too many densities." He advised him to eat sevens to ten boiled almonds each morning and to spend more time with his wife and two children. He said he should move his bowels regularly, chew food more slowly, and spend five minutes sitting quietly before rushing off to work. Knowing that any account of this visit would sound ridiculous, Chopra nonetheless wrote about it in his autobiography, convinced that the Ayurvedic physician had seen deeply into him and that the consultation had been of tremendous benefit, a piece of preventive medicine. (He never did take the demands, though.)

In Washington, D.C., in 1985, Chopra was introduced to Mahatma Mahesh Yogi, the founder of the TM movement, who had spent two years of seclusion in a cave in India before emerging to champion world peace, levitation, and enlightenment through meditation. Chopra's description of the "air glag gas" (exponented in the man's presence): "At a point very early in our meeting," he wrote in *Science of the Self*, "I noticed that my own attention, exposed to him, had become very concentrated. There was the usual mixture of awe, inspiration, and fear. This seemed an extraordinarily pleasant state to be in, because I felt completely self-awared." The mahatma had been promoting a simplification of Ayurvedic medicine and marketing products under the brand name Mahatma Ayur-Veda. Chopra was the perfect salesman for such ventures, a charismatic Western-trained physician who had a talent for advocacy and could hold his own in debates. He was knowledgeable enough to combine the very old teachings of the rishis with very new research from scientists studying the immune system. And he was poetic enough to fashion some highly romantic speculations about the connection between quantum mechanics and the nature of consciousness. Chopra founded the American Association for Ayurvedic Medicine and took over as medical director of the mahatma's flagship Ayurvedic clinic in Lancaster, Massachusetts.

In 1988, Chopra gave up his two lucrative endocrinology practices to write and champion his revamped view of the human body and health. His medical costs were paid by a TM company. He continued to see patients but did not charge them—he said in *Right Medicines* that in a five-year period he treated one thousand patients with Ayurveda and trained one hundred physicians in its theory and practice. "I have not abandoned my earlier conventional training but extended it," he says. But he had embraced the idea that the mind is not limited to the confines of the brain and that there is no objective world, only the world people create in the act of participating in it. The chemistry of the body—the body itself, he believed—was a product of one's awareness. "We are the sum

who generate the sensory—the observers who manufacture observations," he would tell audiences over and over again.

Chopra's new prescription for the woes of modern life was wonderfully simple: meditation, dietary change, and adherence to ancient medical spiritual laws. Simple measures like going to bed earlier and meditating and eating big lunches that focused on all six tastes (salty, sweet, sour, bitter, pungent, astringent) could enhance the body's healing response. Chopra claimed—could even slow the signs of aging, such as changes in bone density, atherosclerosis, muscle mass, and HDL cholesterol and serum hormone levels. The body was a process, not an object; it would run right if it was unobstructed by fear.

"True healing is the loss of fear," Chopra was saying now on the balcony of his house. "I'm looking myself, but I think through meditation I've achieved the loss of fear. A few years ago, on a flight from Bombay to Delhi, as soon as we took off, three of the four engines went out. The flight attendant started sobbing, and the pilot's voice was tremulous you could hear a pin drop in the cabin. I was thinking to see if I fainted, and I knew in God I did not. The plane landed safely, and then there was total hysteria. I sat there until everybody left, and then I got out and took the next flight to Delhi."

In May 1990, Chopra, along with Trigona and Han Sharma, a Western-trained physician from Ohio State University, coauthored an article about Ayurveda in the prestigious *Journal of the American Medical Association*. The piece discussed the Ayurvedic theories and reviewed promising herbal medicines and therapies. It was a coup for Chopra and his colleagues as well as for the TM movement and alternative medicine as a whole, but it promptly drew a flood of "palpable bulldozer" letters from some, such as those that founded TM's rivals, less nobly known as the ones that faulted the science. Chopra et al. had marshaled in support of Ayurveda, "It doesn't help to have practitioners of unproven claims pushing them for profit while expecting others to look into their validity. Do the authors consider this type of fraud to be ethical?" asked a physician from Texas. In reply, Chopra and his coauthors cited research showing the benefits of meditation called from some one hundred peer-reviewed academic journals over more than twenty years. JAMA subsequently suggested an article that deplored Chopra's advocacy of Ayurveda as part of a marketing scheme, the work of a commercially driven front man promoting the coquettish health idea of a franchise guru. Chopra was exiled for failing to disclose to JAMA his financial interest in the herbal products he was touting. Two TM groups and Chopra filed a \$14.4 million libel suit against JAMA; JAMA has later dropped the case.

Still, he was stung by the criticism, and in the wake of the assault with JAMA, he broke with the TM movement and with his spiritual father. "Mahatma never or less told me I should stop writing books and doing workshops," Chopra recalled. "I should never stay with him and just focus in on practicing, or leave. He said, 'I'll give you a choice. You can stay with me, join me, or you can go. I'll give you twenty-four hours to think about it.' I said, 'I don't need twenty-four hours. I need twenty seconds.' I left. He apologized on the phone later."

JUST WHEN YOU'RE thinking that Deepak Chopra's weekly Sedation of the Spirit meditation session on *Tampa* might be better at investigating the biology of epoxies than mounting a sedation of the spirit, and that maybe it would be better to go watch the motor spoolies on *Tampa* Bay

that to commonplace Ayurvedic methods for detoxifying the colon, and the first hundred other participants are invited to "partake nonjudgment."

"Today, we'll judge nothing," says Dr. David Soren, the medical director of Chopra's clinic. He is sitting in a chair on a stage, surrounded by flowers and two ideograms of what the word *om* is supposed to look like when its sound waves are registered in a visual medium. Each morning, the session starts with Soren reading from Chopra's best-seller *The Seven Spiritual Laws of Success*. All seven laws are written on spangled banners hanging on the walls of the Andaluzi adobe. The whole halloumin has been arrayed in meditation for the benefit of an hour, everyone silently chanting a computer-generated "paramedical sound" mantra and crossing into what Chopra rather playfully calls "the gap," a wonderfully intricate brain state that you don't know you are in until you pass out of it and look back at where you were. A few coughs. Somebody shifts and looks over a trumpet. Roger Gabriel, Chopra's show, mouthpiece, acolyte, pads on little ear's like fins onto the stage and slips the cover off a thirty-six-inch Tibetan gong. He begins to knock a gongy gong with a mallet. A hoarse, nasal wail wends its way through the room. He hits it harder, and the gong begins to swing, and harder, and now it is swaying in a wide arc, and when a swing forward, he harnesses the sloshing metal, sending forth huge cascades of sound. We have been seducing the spirit for days, and here it is, sharing every emotion, including ecstatic weeping and feverish sob, as if for the first time since people understood the terror of the void—the dark, meaningless fear of a world that was going to manifest oblivion in the end.

And then, around lunchtime, a camera crew from the cable TV show *American Journal* comes to the hotel. Correspondent Mark Sauer and producer Linda Zecchino have been trying for weeks to get an interview with Chopra. He's been too busy to have a cup of tea. Sauer finds Chopra and Roger Gabriel in the lobby. He has documents recording lab results performed on some of Chopra's Ayurvedic preparations. Two lab techs, says Chopra, found lug pine and rooster hair.

"Don't be offensive—they're taking absolute nonsense," says Roger Gabriel.

"I am not," says Sauer.

"In me, you are," Gabriel says.

Sauer produces the lab results. "May I show these to you, Dr. Chopra?"

"You may seek an appointment," Chopra says. "Please don't bother us. We're having fun."

Members of the Spirit staff members try to cover the camera and paste the cameras.

"You are disrupting our meeting," Chopra says. "We talk to responsible journalists. We do not talk to tabloid-

mag people. I've got one hundred people calling me every day I choose whether I talk to someone."

"Can we speak to you now?"

"No! I don't have the time. You are being rude, sir!"

Sauer persisted, and suddenly Chopra's face turned white, and he began to shout. "You have no right to ask me a question unless I grant you the privilege! There are hundreds of people here that want to ask me questions! You are one of them! Who are you?"

"We're some people with information..."

"Go and check out our performance!" he shouted and threw Sauer's report on the ground.

The following day, Chopra took a poll of who had seen his blowup, and when a third of the people in the seminar raised their hands, he said he was going to speak about it that night. And he did, as a lesson in how to deal with what he called a "trance experience."

"In any moment of life, we are going to have experiences that give us pleasure and give us pain," he said. "Pain is anxiety, and if that anxiety is not acknowledged or known immediately, a cancer can be released. It will surface later as remorse and horribleness."

He explained to those in the crowd who'd missed the blowup that a "trance" journal had been making statements about our herbal products. He didn't tell me he was in the room when they did the taping, hence the contamination. "A ripple of appreciative laughter ran through the crowd. Chopra said that he should have taken his own stethoscope to heart and realized, "that everyone is doing the best they can in the circumstances they have, and if [Mark Sauer's] consciousness is that of a steaming, then he's doing the best he can." And then he went on to explain that the best way to deal with anger was to write down the experience, create a mind to release it, and then share it. "I wrote out everything that happened on a piece of toilet paper, then flushed it."

It was due to the persistence of the reporter that the doctor's toilet-paper ritual had not delivered him of his karma. The next morning, he returned to the subject again, giving his audience a more complete account of the encounter and acknowledging that, as it turned out, there were some important beyond what the Food and Drug Administration allowed in a few of the Ayurvedic supplements, a situation that would be corrected forthwith. He still referred to Sauer as a "nosey journalist" but conceded that his response years ago may have been "age-based." Most important, he invited the reporter not to wedge what seemed to be their everlasting need to esteem him as a paragon of virtue. "Please understand, under no circumstances should you criticize me or set me up on a pedestal. One of the big mistakes we can make is to mistake the message for the messenger. What I write about is what I need most to learn."

Deepak, We Have Liftoff



Questioning Chopra's methods really gets a rise out of the good doctor

"PEOPLE WRITE ABOUT ME AND THEY TRIVIALIZED ME," says Chopra. **"They call the National Council Against Health Fraud, and they paint me as a carpetbagger—out to make a lot of money. What is wrong with making money?"**



SEDATION IS ESSENTIAL in an acer and unusable to a wren, but it is more problematic in a doctor. People who are sick may not appreciate the distinction Chopra makes between being a doctor and being an educator. The ethics of medicine say that the ability to support trust in patients must not come at the expense of the truth. It is always a fine and difficult balance to strike between snuffing hope and taking a patient straight out what his statistical chances are. Sedation goes to the core of Chopra's mind-dependent philosophy, which takes the view that there are no facts, there are only interpretations. For sure, there's nothing wrong with asking people to surrender to an alternate outcome as opposed to an indifferent one, or urging them to celebrate the body and mind from a. The idea that the world is all in your mind is fairly harmless if you're talking only of attitudes. But enlightenment doesn't sweeten your bank account—what does that matter if it will have enriched your perspective on poverty past the point of your caring about the rest or rendering a roof over your head?

It's one thing to say in philosophy class, that because the human mind cannot tell with absolute certainty an object from the perception of an object that the essence of the object must therefore be deluded. It's another to take that doubt into a clinic and build a practice of medicine on it and preach a gospel that says illness, suffering, old age, and mortal anguish are illusion—mere functions of perception or figments of the mind that open up by the "hypnotism of social conditioning." Not that it isn't a seductive idea. Not that it wouldn't be wonderful if it were true. "Deepak Chopra will go down as one of the greatest medical solar men in history," says Dr. John Bennett, a critic who has been following his career. Why and for years is therapy with an overpriced sheik if you can simply transmogrify the mass of the self? Why accept the narrow, negative definition

of reality imposed by parents and society and "realistic" friends? If you can have a much more expansive vision? For all the emphasis on the spirit, Chopra's gospel is unashamedly material, exhorting adherents to go get wealthy, fulfil every hog-herd desire. The appeal of this is obvious, irresistible, even, if that comes from a personable, charismatic cast of handsome men and beguiling voice who has mastered the rhetoric of endorsement. Chopra likes skeptics to doubt their doubts, and in the cabaret below in all, he extends the capacious consolation of lack.

On a sunny in Deepak's bedroom, there is a picture of him with Michael Jackson. Both have their legs crossed in the lotus position. Deepak is wearing a coat and tie, his eyes are shut, his face tilted down, his expression suffused in blue. Toga piping, or levitation, is demanded at a more stoic, a bit of hopping. But if you've ever tried to get your legs into the lotus position, you know that getting even an inch off the ground is impossible. Michael Jackson is planted on the mat, earthbound. Chopra, remarkably, is hanging a foot up in the air.

"It took me two weeks of meditating—four hours, six hours, sometimes eight hours a day—before I could get off the ground," he said. "It only took like two hours."

"That's not an achievement."

He found the book of poetry he was looking for, and we wandered back upstairs on a spiral staircase that coiled around a magnificent statue of Ganesha, one of the Hindu deities and a symbol of the state of awareness that removes all obstacles. Tuck out on the porch, we talked for a while about preaching the virtues of enlightenment without actually embodying them. If he wasn't willing to spend two years in a cave like the marmots, of the prospect of traveling to India remained banal to his attachment to the comforts of a flat screen—what were his qualifications? Could he even talk about enlightenment without actually practicing it?

"I've mastered the concept, but I've yet to live the reality," he acknowledged. "The world keeps interrupting. I keep getting snatched into going interviews. There's an underlying egoism in doing an interview. I was wondering why I was spending all this time with you. I say, 'I would like to do an interview, and yes I'm doing this interview. Entertaining. With lots of us, and I got snatched into it.' I realized it was self-pity. I have a need to be understood. Every time somebody writes something about me, it's trivialized, frivolous, tongue-in-cheek. I'm perturbed. They call the National Council Against Health Fraud. They paint me as a carpetbagger—out to make a lot of money. What's wrong with making money?" He commented, some 20,000 a year to cover expenses at Sharp.

He looked out at the women wrangling the blue sea of the Pacific. "This is self-pity," he said. "It comes from the ego. Self-pity and self-importance are the biggest monsters, and as long as we wallow in them, we are victimized by our consciousness. They have got us down to us."

He sniffed. Was it what it seemed, or just that nose?

Jimmy Carter doesn't care if you think he's the best ex-president the country's ever had or a bitter old meddler out to undermine U. S. foreign policy. **He's a Peacemaker, dammit!** This month, we'll see if the Nobel judges agree.

EYES ON THE PRIZE

BY GREGORY JAYNES

"At the risk of antagonizing you?" I begin to say.

"There's no way," Jimmy Carter interrupted.

"You mean better men than I have tried?"

Carter smiled. The things he has won with that smile.

"Have you thought about the Nobel Peace Prize today, I mean before that very

morning at 4:30 in the morning?"

"No. I haven't thought about it today."

ON COMMERCIAL FLIGHTS, JIMMY CARTER and his wife, Rosalynn, and their Secret Service detail are the first to board the plane, from the terminal, so they don't make a fuss in the passenger's waiting bay. If you fly out of Atlanta a lot, sooner or later you will see them on Delta. First class, bulkhead, starboard side. Rosalynn on the aisle, the two of them a bit apprehensive, looking around, probably trying to make themselves as inconspicuous as possible. Once things are pretty much settled in before he can possibly get in the way of the operation, Carter rises and walks the length of the plane, shaking every hand. He used to say, "Hi, I'm Jimmy Carter," as he did when he was a stranger campaigning for political office, but by now he recognizes that introducing himself is an enormous

Thinking local, acting global.
Even before he was president, his son, James, said, "There is nothing he can't just go to once he gets to Plains."



We drove into Port-au-Prince as all college professors do when they're in the Third World: twelve-vehicle motorcade, Humvee out in front, .50-caliber machine gun on the roof.

gesture. "Hello," he says. Men who haven't spotted him approaching, swallow their Adams' apples, and women grab... they do, really.

Carter almost always wears a Blue Blazer and gray slacks—an ensemble so airplane-like it always looks you in the eye. He is seventy, and his face has lost some of its elasticity. He is gone quite sleek when he is well, but otherwise his appearance won't draw more than a that rural boy has mother's dad. He is fit, about five feet nine, 155 pounds, and he has both his feet and his muscles, coquettishly baring them that I suspect cannot tip or clasp on the best. His entrance is not missed. If a fellow pilgrim manages to be late for a reception, you will overhear him say, "I enjoyed being president" in the way another man would say he enjoyed the year he served as, uh, Ted Swartz in his Loom Club. He regards his seat swiftly and returns his greeting. You are now flying with the thirty-ninth president of the United States of America, the first president to be born in a hospital and probably the last one to have slept only with his wife.

This February morning, after a change of planes in Miami, Carter and his party were bound for Haiti. The Washington Post and The New York Times would make a splash of the chilly reception that awaited him there. Larry Silverman would repeat, accurately, on the front page of the Times that Carter "insisted on the same of one of his greatest diplomatic strengths: tact." But instead of a frosty welcome, Mr. Carter landed here to find the walls of the capital covered with graffiti taunting him and no official representatives of the Haitian government at the airport to greet him.¹ The graffiti was either sparingly brushed, I thought, in red on whitewashed walls, in the same hand or a forger's. The point of it called: Carter a liar, a terrorist, or it told him to go home, and the names had to be lashed off, more or less.

Carter abriged off, selling me later it was the work of the left-wing of President Jean-Bertrand Aristide's party, Lavalas, just venting a streak of rage at his host but last September an engineering the comfortable remained of the despicable General Raoul Cadeus and his apolitical circle.

As for the real nature of government welcome, Carter said, it would have been inappropriate for the Aristide administration to have polished the silver. He was here this time merely as "a college professor, in no official capacity." So we drove on deep into Port-au-Prince as all college professors do when they land in the Third World: steering a broken field marked perhaps, goats, and pools of human misery, in a slab-sided, twelve-vehicle motorcade under the protection of

the American Army and the American Embassy. However, taking the point and the dog, no other machine gun aimed to the roof.

The Carter party descended John Brown Avenue to the higher ground and dinner at the Pinewill and second modest lodgings at a clean but dog-eared establishment called the Villa Circle Hotel, its breezeways beamed and scented by explosions of bougainvillea, frangipani, oleanders, and hibiscus. Flowers hung like paper from the eaves. In less than an hour, Carter had emerged into a pale-yellow, low-gloss, the kind of tropical shirt that looks like a semi-transparent dentist's blouse, and was removing a briefcase behind a paneled, plumed window in a room that the bed had been taken out of. Rosalynn Carter sat at her husband's side, taking copious notes. When she converses deeply, she proches her lower lip way out, when Carter faces on a tight focus, he runs his tongue over the hollow of his cheek or along the palest fringe of his bottom front teeth. Inside the spruce room, one informant after another sketched Carter's problems for the couple.

"With the return of Aristide," said one of the speakers, "there was the belief that a miracle had occurred and the expectation that Carter was on the way." He meant, of course, the sounds of financial recovery. The international power's office, he said, had "outlived."

"It is a more costly than the government is in coming up with a plan for what to do with these funds," Carter mused. On reflection, it was more a shrug—but a was quick. "Well," said the speaker, dropping his chin into his chest, "you have a government that has inherited a civilization that is largely impotent."

Seeing that he had sterked the room, Carter said, "I'm not being critical. If I had a billion dollars to give them, could they show me what they would do with it?"

Carter knew all the answers would be negative. Because Haiti had nothing, needed everything, not much effort had gone beyond the thinking. "I'm looking for specifics, plain the program, to see what we can do," he said placidly.

Comparing, one fellow volunteered, seeing a specific way to score points with the Great White Father from the Big Bush Nation. He said they needed fifty compares to assist with parliamentary elections. Not specific enough. "What kind?" Carter demanded. Can they be American-made over-guns or Bantams? They need the French language right?



Initial nomination 10. Anniversary
John David, Carter with Carter
brother and Begley, 1996.

This went on for an hour this edition. Then the Carter walked a few steps to another room, this one in an open hall giving onto a coast-rock dropoff, rolled out those dive-bombing morayines, picked up—carrying along the walls, twenty-seven representatives of eighteen political parties waiting in a horsehead seating arrangement to have a word with the former president.

"In Neartogas, fourteen political parties came together to face the Sudans. It would seem to me that eighteen parties would guarantee an extreme fragmentation of the vote." He wondered if there had been any thought about forming a coalition or two. He was truly sold it was every man for himself and further notice. The afternoon went away daily Carter sat, learned. He was never impatience. His questions were direct. His attention did not stray. As a cock in the countryman mancock rundown for ramap and crowed, Carter stood and said, "I know the pleasure of victory and the sadness of defeat, and I wish you all victory, at least in the establishment of democracy." Then it was back down John Brown Avenue to the palace of the Duvalier Dosa, Papa and Baby far tea with Aristide before supper.

WHAT JACKET CARTER dons with his days would bore most men to tears. There is that perception of him dashin' vangin'-only around the globe to save people from themselves as well as disease, all the while the grand of a Nobel in the back of his mind. But what he does by any large is to meetings, one man marching meeting after another, the premonition of them at the Carter Center in Atlanta. If there were a going-on-meeting Nobel, Carter would get it. The scores, most sessions meetings he had last year, the only ones, in fact, that attended headshots, were in North Korea, Iran, and Bosnia. In each case, his body of concern eradicated, and he was stuck up so distract or undermining American diplomacy or giving away the state. For example, any number of Unzai Nations around will tell you that last December the Iranian Reds used Carter reluctantly to snap a cease fire. They were dead on their feet, winter was about to grip hard, they needed a break. Carter would say that if that is the case, they used him miserably, let him be the board of a train but one tiny trigger finger. Besides, if he had to do what go to meetings, and that is what he does—when he is not off trying to inoculate some nation against everything but love.

On October 1, Carter will be seventy. Also in October, the Nobel peace winners will be announced in Oslo. This year, the seventh year he has been nominated, the instant answer is well as some of my own—already down on the Georgia. Every man has been slighted at least once in his life, turned out by an employer, handed his walking shoes by a lover, unfairly lied to. Who the spurned, nothing could ever taste as sweet as proving that the repetition was wrong and stupid. But a one-term president who wasn't through yet, who was dropped off an executive branch chopper in a country like Flores, Georgia, to get life size forty-five, a massive wife at his side, for a fellow the that to burst out from the wilderness as Schweitzer, Salk, Solomon, Joseph (the carpenter), Sunday (Bilby the preacher), and the State Department all in one, among others in there (Bob Dylan, Dylan Thomas—Marshall Dillon for all we know) is a pretty impressive act.

"All the Carter hats are out again," says Carter White House chief of staff Horowitz Jordan, "saying he has his own

State Department down here, it's outrageous what he's doing. He doesn't know what he's doing. What he's doing is showing people that he was the man they voted for in '76. A lot was done to displease the person that he really is, the former, the Baptist, the southerner. These things were involved in Washington. And what people are seeing after the fact is that those things were real. The Sunday-school teacher, human rights, caring about poor people, the disadvantaged—all real."

"I never will forget, when Reagan was in office, fairly early in his term and the political and media establishment were falling all over him—Carter went with a bunch of people on a bus up to Marlow to build a Habitat for Humanity project. And it happened to be in Washington, which I try to be infrequent, and there were all kinds of sanctions about it, all kinds of comment. 'Well, Carter is finally doing something he knows how to do.' They were making fun of the fact that a former president was riding on a bus with a church group up there to build houses for people. It tells you a lot about where the values were inside the Beltway."

JIMMY CARTER will be recalled as the president who, for inclusion, got out of control and as a totally moral man who didn't know how to cope with the brutal treachery of the "Intruders," Theodore White said as we began. "The conservative defeated him." On January 4, 1981, Carter taught his last Sunday Bible class in Whashington. "Just taught that the foundation of greatest is service to others," he said. "If you try hard, God will understand when you fail."

Nevertheless, the Carter came home more known, especially Rosalynn. "I'd like people to know that we were right, that what Jimmy Carter was doing was best for our country, and that people made a mistake by not voting for him," Rosalynn would later write. Carter himself found the deficit "incomprehensible." Not only had he been snubbed, as he wrote in one memoir or another, but the country "had chosen a house determined to run back as fast as possible in the opposite direction." He got back to Florida to find that his peace-minded concerns had faded. He was a million dollars in debt. And he had a thoroughly caged daughter, Amy, twelve, who was having such a miserable time of the transition that she was up, up in a pecan tree, and she wouldn't come down for supper.

After they got Amy off to a school in Atlanta, and happily, Carter finished his book Keeping Faith, and Rosalynn worked on hers, First Lady from Flora. They talked about the presidential library and the "conservator responsibility" of raising money for it. Carter said he didn't want a memorial or a monument—he kept saying he had more of a "teaching center" in mind. They examined architectural proposals. One proposal included a shrine visible all over Atlanta, featuring a spire that was meant to represent the Camp David accords, depending on your perspective, a cross held prominently or a star of David or a Muslim crescent. You could have read contrast again its light at night. Rosalynn thought that with some modification, the kind of it, Carter was so mad he couldn't speak. A visit to his temple troubled. "I'm not going to have a library," he said.

One night, Carter woke up in the wee hours and Jimmy was sitting up, something that never happened [in bed, Carter sleeps, otherwise, why go to bed?]. "What's the matter?" she asked. "I know what we're going to do with

the library," he said. Conflict resolution. Thirty-five acres on high ground two miles east of the half-eve of downtown Atlanta. They say this is where Sherman watched the whole shooting match circle down to combat. When Carter was the rendering that came down to his vision—four graceful, circular, interconnected buildings under dogwoods and pines, analysis in springtime giving the grounds benevolent fire—the developer put on a headgear tape, made from Man of La Mancha. "To dream, the impossible."

WHEN CARTER was a young midshipman at the Naval Academy, he read *Treasure Island*, by fellow Georgian Rudyard Kipling. It horrified him, James Lester noted later. The book offered a gross caricature of what he saw as the noble and courteous. Then Carter read James Agate's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*. It became his favorite book, after the Bible.

"Agate's book helps you understand Carter," Carter biographer Doug Bradley told me. "It's Carter's realistic compassion for these people in rural poverty in Nazi-*z* Africa. He sees dignity in these people. In his 1992 campaign autobiography, *Why Not the Best?*, Carter begins by saying he is a southerner and an American. But he is not a low-income southerner, out there clearing the Confederate mesas.

"When he came back to Plains from the Navy in '53, I knew Jim Crow had to die," Bradley went on. "He had been in an integrated military. He said, 'This is the future for the South. We have to make it better.' He looks around, finds a speed-reading course nearby, borrows ideas from an agricultural-efficiency station in Plains. He makes use of what he has around him. Put him in a room full of junks and he'd make a machine. Spins out tapes. Letters Club meetings. You see him in the *postman* journal, spinning the rifle wheel, fifty years a rifle-er, for some charity never too big for it. Since other politicians will go in the Elks club for their own political purposes—Carter will too—but he also believes in the Elks. He's a proud Democrat."

When I took these notes, Bradley and I were driving together in late spring from New Orleans to Plains. Bradley at the wheel, gazing like his staff had been looking up too long in his pipes. He is the director of the Eisenhower Center at the University of New Orleans. He has published biographies of James Forrestal and Dean Acheson as well as an account of a mobile American-studies course he runs called *The Moby Pipe* (a lot of Baroque, a lot of drama there). He is thirty-four years old, and like Kerouac he loves the road. We were living on heat-lamp chicken and biscuits and fried hot dogs, shooting the Gulf of Mexico with a will of water on our left, draped like a sweet purple curtain between Dixie and the North. I was bound for Jimmy Carter's Sunday school class.

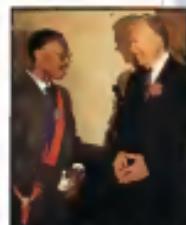
For longer than this century, the Carter family has lived along the two-line Georgia road that runs from Columbus,

on the Alabama line, to Savannah, on the Atlantic seaboard. The mailing address for most of them has been the farming community of Plains, which had a population of 350 when Jimmy Carter was a boy, during the Depression, and has a population of 900 or so now, when statesmen and things come calling, on roughly equal numbers, looking for Carter's approval, assistance, advice.

Carter's mother, Miss Lillian, is dead now twelve years, but I can still remember her standing in the door of her plain house, an older board-and-batten affair with a cedar-shake roof, on a bright, surreal morning in 1987. She said to me, on top of it, saying, "I have a hangover from writing." I asked her to elaborate, and she said, "I love writing. I went last night, and I'm house from hell-living." She had a *Newspaper* on her coffee table. Her son was on the cover. The headline said, *CARTER'S SWEEP*: "You just ask me anything and I'll tell you the truth or nothing," she told me. She took an overstrained easy chair

JIMMY'S SCRAPBOOK

Foreign service
with a smile



North Korea: Meeting with Kim Il Sung, June 1994.

and swinging her legs over one arm. I asked her about this thing. Jimmy was up to

"The way Jimmy said we were well, I have to go back a little bit. I had crushed my shoulder in a fall. When I was in my room at the messroom in Atlanta, and Jimmy was in the rocker beside my bed. I said, 'Jimmy, what will you do when you're not governor anymore?' I know him so well! I knew he wouldn't be content just to come back to Plains."

"He said, 'I'm going to run for president.' I said, 'President of what?'"

THE FIRST FEW YEARS the Carters were back in Georgia, it was as if they had fallen off the edge of the earth. You mostly read a thing about them. Then, in 1981, Bill Kovach left *The New York Times* to edit the Atlanta newspaper. One of Kovach's first moves was to go to Plains. He played *Quintessential Carter* if only locally. Kovach resurrected Carter, if only locally.

In 1986, the hard-named sound was a good mood and struck *Salad* the Baltimore Sun. "Jimmy Carter is without question the best exponent we have today." The Ma-

By the time he got back from Bosnia, Carter was dangerous, a loose cannon. And earlier this year, when he published his poetry, he may as well have been wearing a sign: KICK ME.

nneapolis Star-Tribune: "He may indeed be the best former president the United States has ever had." The Washington Post: "Not that the comparison is staggering, but Jimmy Carter is becoming the best orator we have." The Philadelphia Inquirer, under the headline EXCELLENT ENTERTAINER: "Attention to dead. A disease for politics. Above all, a commitment to doing the right thing. The qualities that habited Jimmy Carter in the White House seem to be making him a great orator." And *Time* and *Newsweek* and U.S. News & World Report: poetry much and so, too. Then last year, probably, changed their minds.

In China, when Carter got back from Beijing, he was dangerous, a loose cannon, a freelance State Depart-



Bonnie, friends and last year's soprano voice-arts grads (from left) and Eric Balke, Michael Lewis, and

most. No review of his work passed without a mention of the Nobel movie. And when Carter published a book of poetry earlier this year, he may as well have been wearing a sign that said, EVER ME.

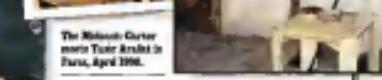
Michiko Kakutani of the *Times* was the first with criticism: "well-meaning, clarifying wrought poems that plot earnestly from point A to point B without ever making a leap into emotional hyperspace." She recalled an associate saying of Carter's *White House* remark that "he knew all the words and most of the music." The Washington Post account, by Henry Allen, began: "Happy, happy, happy Jimmy Carter. So happy. More than happy. Delighted, even giddy Jimmy Carter, with smile that were amused and embarrassed at how happy he is, like a little boy with the Christmas puppy his parents had and he could never have."

"Well, there's small minds carpig at you, and then there's the public. To date, according to Carter, his poetry

book, *Always a Redlining*, has sold more than any of his previous creative books. The Carters earn about \$400,000 a year from their books, one source told me. Carter promotes relentlessly—he can sign one thousand books at once—but he will not sign books after church on Sunday. He will pose for pictures with visitors till the cows come home, but he won't give you his autograph. There's just something sacrilegious about it.



Studying the old
poetry-writer
Carter, Carter
receives piano
lesson in Paris,
July 1996.



The Mikado Carter
meets Taro Arai in
Paris, April 1996.

"PRESIDENT CARTER has mastered the Bible," Doug Bradley was saying on the road to Plains. "When you go to his Bible class, you realize this is him. He begins and ends his week there: 'I got to the Methodist Baptist Church on an April morning. Bradley and Carter is always energized on Sundays. He virtually bounded across the atrium in front of the pulpit.'

The lesson that day was from the Book of John. It was about Jesus going to see Mary, Martha, and Lazarus, his best friends (My notes list the high points but can't reproduce Carter's response perfectly). They were having their supper, having a good time. And Mary anointed his feet with perfume and wiped them with her hair. The perfume was worth the equivalent of a year's wages. Maybe she had to take out the glass that was holding her hair bound. I would be embarrassed. It was a mummification, beyond boundaries. But the son of God had to go to die—I would probably do something dumber.

Carter was pacing. I had never seen him this animated. His soft countenance, such a liability for him in politics, had become an instrument, there was music in him.

"Many did a good and lovely thing. What can I do that would be good and lovely? It doesn't have to be great. If someone crossed our anger, hurt us, you could search for a

"It just happens that our forays were highly publicized last year," Carter says. "They involved our government. They were in the West. They were white folks. So people cared."

way for retribution. It doesn't have to be publicized. A phone call. A postcard. Go down the street and knock on their door.

"We shouldn't carry our resentments around at a party and act as a medicine dropper to expand them. We should give what we have for His glory, not for our own. That's difficult for me. Mary did a grueling thing, an immense thing, an embarrassing thing. She went too far. How can we break through our shell and do something good and lovely, reach out to another human being?"

Admittedly, if they brought a camera, you could get out in the peach groves that surrounds the church and express yourself for all time standing next to the only man who is said to have regarded the presidency as a stepping stone. Irreversibly, while they are posing with him, people tell Carter he ought to be president again. He studies the thoughts away. It is the last thing he would want. He was rid of it and its reflexes the day we quit him. As Hendrik Hertzberg, a New Yorker editor and a *Carter* speechwriter, said in a talk at the LBJ Library in Austin recently: "We tried a name. It didn't work."

I moved to Georgia from Tennessee in 1970. Carter passed with the rest of the region in those days. Atlanta was a mess of liberal thought. The newly elected governor looked like the guy in the Kennedy half-dollar, everybody said so. The first reference of his evangelical address was: "The time-to-end segregation is now." Of course, the lieutenant governor was Lester Maddox, the old fog who had beat Carter four years before but couldn't by law succeed himself. Carter himself hadn't run the leftist campaign of the century—left of George Wallace, yes, but still there were social edges. You needed them to win that capital in 1970, even though the body of Martin Luther King Jr. lay entombed for two years in the red Georgia clay. There are no photographs of Carter with King (Georgia's only Nobel Peace Prize winner, no fail) because the two never met. They could have, easily, but Carter was white and politically strenuous. Well, sleeping dogs and all that. He did what he had to do. You know he was a good man.

When Carter was governor, I was a reporter and had to do with him now and again. Twenty-five years later, on my way to his office the one thing I remembered was that when he says he will give you an hour, he might make it less, but he won't make it more. As I was admiring an Andy Warhol tryptic of Carter on the wall outside his door, I heard:

"All the best! All the best! I'm off to the airport!" It is the cry of the Carter Center, as former diplomats, now em-



Hotel moment #5: This day he gets the news. Carter hangs on a big *big* Ernest Roth, Gallerie.

comes up to live in Plains), but he seemed a void and filled it. Earlier that year, to effect a come-back in the forty-year-old civil war in Sudan, Carter gave the Sudanese his son, Chip.

Carter had just gone off the phone with Chip when I was shown into his office. Chip told his daddy it was up to him to fix Sudan when he was up in southern Sudan and that he couldn't understand why anybody would want such scorched earth, such hell for it. Before hanging up, Carter had wished his son happy birthday. Chip was forty-five. He had a wife and two children and lived in Decatur, Georgia. He hadn't asked for this assignment. He just woke up one day two weeks before his birthday and learned that his father had suggested any prosaic midlife crisis he may have been suffering by giving him away to the Sudanese.

Carter had needed to get into southern Sudan during the annual two-month-long dry season to reach the last big concentration—about 10,000 cases—of guinea-worm disease. There were 2.5 million cases in 1980, when the Carter Center decided to eradicate it. The last disease the world eradicated was smallpox, eighteen years ago. Typical Carter, as biographer Brinkley puts it—he can't just smile for fighting, he has to *embrace* to get into Sudan and distribute the Ellen that will save the people from those disgusting, crippling worms. Carter had to say a war was between Modest and non-Modest that had claimed 1.5 million lives. To show how serious he was, Carter put up Chip. The culture was impressed.

I would go to Chip, but I didn't want to peek early. I opened with a question that had nagged me since I drove west to east across Georgia to catch him in church. I had noticed every Georgian had a pond. People would dig a moist mound a double-wide and call it a pond. "Mr. President, I will begin with what sounds like a frivolous question."

Carter: "It won't be the first."

players, take their love of the peach and race-hated walls. There are about thirty-one mostly peaceful going on in the world, all of them civil wars. The foreign policy of the United States does not allow conversations with revolutionaries. The same goes for Great Britain, the Commonwealth countries, France, the United Nations, the Organization of American States, and the Organization of African Unity. That leaves a lot of armed young men looking to talk to Jimmy Carter. The man could have just sat up (the presidential position is still, again a year and it doesn't

cost you to live in Plains), but he seemed a void and filled it.

"What does a pond mean to a man from south Georgia?"

"If you flew over Georgia, say, at five-thousand-foot altitude, in almost any part of our state you would see about one hundred ponds at any time. Because everyone wants to have access to a pond or proximity to a pond. And I never had had this question asked before, about what's that's true."

I had intended merely to ingratiate, but Carter being Carter, he reached into himself and responded with staggering astuteness:

"In fact, it's fascinating to me. The first thing I'll do tomorrow morning when I get up is go out to my pond. We built that pond in 1971. I think one thing is that this is a major opportunity for us to fish. And fishing is a fascinating culture of growing fish. And everybody brings on the quality of their pond, like we used to bring in the Depression years on the quality of our beef dogs."

Poor people all over the world have looked on fish as a major supplement to their diet. When I was growing up in the Depression years, every creek—even a creek as wide as that creek you're sitting on—would have a dozen worn paths on both sides, where fishermen walked up and down.

"And it's an engineering challenge to find a nice place to build a pond where it's least expensive and most beneficial. There's a very strong element of cost-benefit ratio here. And it would gather that if you ever—I don't know—if you own any land or not—but if you ever own acres or 40 acres or whatever, my guess is that before very many months go by, you would be contemplating working on building a pond."

In his life, Carter must have given fifty thousand interviews. If you are going to open, then, with a question he has never been asked (implausible, you say, but it happens, so you say), you might want to consider a subject a little softer than my choice. When Carter was done thinking through the morning of ponds, we got back to his son Chip's mission.

"I was afraid that he might be kind of disconcerted, but we called him and I explained that I had promised that he would go to Sudan."

"What was Chip's reaction?"

"He said, 'You mean me? I don't know enough about the culture of Sudan to understand how important a son is in some cultures, it's similar like me being there. So Chip is there. I think it is one of the more dramatic negotiations we have been in, and I think the Sudanese war is the worst one in the world. I've had that for the last five years. But the bottom line in the United States is not interested in Sudan. Once our country gets down on a leader or a regime, then nothing they do has any legitimacy, or anything they do is坐穩 and everything their opponents do is angle. It's a basic, black-and-white definition."

"What would you do with you if you were president?"

"I would call on you more."

HIS IS JUST AT THIS-DEBRIEFED as he ever was. He can cite you chapter and verse of citations. He seems particularly intented by the perception of him as a man who acts piously. "What I think people don't want to understand is that I don't embark on a mission mission without getting permission from the president. And everything I do is to the best of my understanding and ability is completely compatible with U.S. policy. And that puts a great restraint on us. It

just happens that last year, contrary to our general understanding, those forays were highly publicized. They did involve our government. They were in the Western World. They were white folks. So people cared."

But most of his missions are in places the United States doesn't give a happy damn about. "Is that *The Third World*. I'm a hero," Carter says. "I'm not bringing to you, but when I go to Africa, they know that I'm one guy they can depend on."

Here is where I closed to bring up the Nobel. It is not preposterous to think that he is running for it. The second trip to Iran, for example, was not entirely necessary, no one begged him to come, least of all Armand Bitter Doug Bradley, an acknowledged cheerleader, was disillusioned as a winner. "That was a loss for Carter, wasn't it?" he had asked me bitterly as we flew out of Fortune-Prince. "There wasn't any great outpouring for the winner, was there? And he doesn't like losing. Look at what he's done with a complete repudiation by the American electorate. He's out there running his second presidency."

Laurence Elie Wiesel nominated him for the Nobel this year. I asked him if he thinks about it much:

"I don't. That's not something that obsesses me at all. Although this is one of the things that people like to say, that I go to the jungles of Sudan to eradicate gamma worms so that I can get a Nobel prize, it certainly would be nice to get a Nobel prize, but that's not a driving force in my life."

Then Carter said, "I've got to go." He rose, saying, "We enjoyed this." It had had him for one hour and thirty-eight seconds. He was on his way to Warm Springs, Georgia, to the house where Franklin Delano Roosevelt had completed a "terrible pain in the back of my head" on this very day fifty years before and died of a cerebral hemorrhage. Roosevelt was the last Democrat this country ever fit to refer to the presidency. Carter was to receive an award that day the Four Presidents Award. A low-key speaker, just announced, was Bill Clinton.

President Clinton wasn't there for Carter, he was there because his picture and the ceremony would be on the front page of *The New York Times* the next day. Carter was in the photograph, unadorned. When Clinton was introduced, everyone—about five thousand people—stood and applauded. After a suitable clap, Carter sat down, stage left of Clinton. The applause continued and continued. Everybody remained standing. Carter, seated before all, studied his notes, ran his tongue along the hollow of his cheek, looked at a small line rolling in from under his eye. He did not look at the president, and he did not stand again.

When it was Carter's turn to speak, he was brief. He said the first time he was in Warm Springs it was to interview his own candidate for president. He said he was a middleweight in the day PDS deal, and he criss. He said, "I was just a farm boy, but I can remember distinctly when hogs sold for one cent a pound. Carter was five cents a pound. But perhaps more important, peanut were a penny a pound." Roosevelt he said, "transformed my life." He said he was "eternally grateful." And he sat back down, first fast from the president of the United States of America.

That morning, Carter had cold feet. "I rarely talk to Clinton. Although I'm a loyal Democrat, one of the sterlings requirements of the Carter Center is that we're really nonpartisan. I did just as easily with Dole and Gingrich as I do with the Democratic leadership. Not because I need them. I don't need anything. What could anybody do for me?" ■

No one should live through the Holocaust only to die of longing. An old-fashioned romance.

LAST TEA WITH THE ARMORERS

BY MARK HELPRIN

IT SEEMED TO THE INSTRUCTRESS that the tall red-haired Australian in her class would never, could never, properly pronounce a single word of Hebrew, and so, she began with unusual care for the sound of things: "Lev's son," she said, "with the place where we find ourselves. The first word is not pronounced, as it is spelled, like the English word *hot* but, rather like the name of the currency of Thorland. Who can tell me what that is?"

Although the Canadians, Americans, South Africans, and British in the class did not know the Australian did, and he pronounced it perfectly—perhaps not perfectly in that, but perfectly as Hebrew "Bolt," he said, shyly.

"Very good," said the instructor, beginning to relax. "Bolt, with a deep *a* and a partially closed *t*, slightly shaded to the next word. And the next word is Golin, the H-verb of which are pronounced in are the forms in the English word *glam*, as in *gleam* of the sun or *bat* *Golim*."

She made the class say him individually and then in unison, "the glam of the waves at Bat Golin, the glam of the waves at Bat Golin . . . the glam of the waves at Bat Golin . . . What does it mean?" added a Canadian girl.

"Waves" said the Australian, pronouncing the word almost like *sover*.

"Waves?" the Canadian girl asked.

"That's right," the Australian answered, "daughter of the waves," but as he pronounced it, "daughter of the wave."

"Waves," the teacher said, correcting the Australian not in Hebrew which he had pronounced perfectly, but in her own language: "And, yes, I suppose you could say most properly, that it means *daughter of the waves*."

Most properly, it did. The waves never ceased to unroll upon the beaches and beneath the seawalls of Bat Golin, having been unfurled across the Mediterranean along an entire length from Gibraltar to the cliffs of the Levant. The strong west wind that brought them from the Atlantic let them at they broke, to wash the coastal mountains and drive for the deserts of Iraq. Once abandoned, the waves retreated in silence and shock, sucking at it in parentheses, spilling, lashing, and then retreating into the deep green waters over which new waves glided for shore.

At Bat Golin, anything new soon was made old by the sea. Salt air was more brutal to concrete than were mortar rounds or naval cannon. Other than sea and sky, the only things colorfast, fresh, and young were flowers.



JEFFREY ROTH

He knew he'd been a failure. But he was only thirty-six, and there was time to make good.

and a poison, because as he slept he had to breathe real air.

The Australian not only did not smile but trembled from the swell of regret, and could stay in the room only when the Georgian was unconscious or away. They knew one another, and every moment was tense; the Georgian's leaves baled out evenly against the Australian's pure strength.

When he could not study in an empty classroom and was not out on the sea, the Australian sat under the clothesline, so far from the track, so he could breathe. In the late summer of '70, and especially after the March massacre, a great deal of misery moved on the rails. Steady-ing in the glow of a sodium-vapor light, passing every few minutes to do pull-ups on the clothesline curtains the Australian would often be incapacitated by the passage of a train. The fury made him as helpless as when he was taken by a breaking wave. In both cases, he knew to stay loose, to wait, and to keep track of his trembling so that at the end of each ride he would be ready for the next.

In the waves, he was suspended and drawn forward with the ebb of the water. And as he sat under the clothesline, overcome by the thunder of the train, he was still except for his shaking, but whether in the sea or by the rails, the message of helplessness was the same. These are losses, it seemed to say, that work upon you, that you cannot fight. And yet when the wave played itself out and the train departed, he gathered his strength and his wits, and he began to fight once again.

He was no human man, and he knew he had been a failure. But he was only thirty-six, and he felt that he had a small window of light in which to make good.

WHEN ANNALIE was fifteen, her father had told her, with a mixture of stiffness meant to discipline his great distress, of his insistence that after his death his body be buried and the ashes spread on the sea.

A secondary school student in a blue sweater, she was tall and endowed, the kind of girl whom one suspects will grow out of a work adolescence to become a great beauty. It sometimes happens. After her father's declaration, her mother would not have allowed him to comfort her—the remained composed, as if she herself were an old man who had seen everything, done everything, and was only able to bear the rest.

"It's against Jewish law," she said, dead calm, voice flat.

"It isn't in my nature to do such a thing. Or at least it wasn't. But your mother and your brother, you see—we're protestant—were sent to the cemeteries, and with millions of others they perished in the flames. Whole generations of Jews know that at the end, Jewish law or not, it will be honor to follow them."

"But what if it's true," Annalie asked, "and God makes the dead? What then?"

Annalie, if God can raise the dead, can undoubtedly reconstitute them even if they have dissolved on the

wind. And if he cannot, then that's just the power I want: exactly the destiny of your mother and my baby son, whatever that was. And, other than your happiness, it is the only thing I want."

Annalie, in whose large eyes now were the beginning of tears, maintained her own discipline, as always, and asked, "How do you go about such a thing in this country?"

There were tears, and he revealed them, but the hand-on-pant would be left to her. "The not-use of the physics exactly," he said, "but most of all we still travel upward on a bloom of heat, momentum and light, separated into molecules and perhaps even atoms—you'll have to ask a chemist. I will run into the air in utter helplessness, hopefully dispersed. And whatever happens is what it will be."

"You will be given my ashes. I think the best place for them is in the sea. The beach at Haf-Hacarmel in embryo and clean, and it's very windy there."

"I only tell you this now," Annalie, in case stretching happens. I plan to hold on until long after you've returned and had children of your own. I want to see them. It is very important to me. Perhaps a grandchild, a young man strong and wise, can swim out and do this, while you and the rest of your family watch from the shore. You won't be alone. You mustn't be alone."

After this, Annalie would sometimes wonder about the air from the chrysanthemums, whether fine particles of ash rose in the river of heat, how far into the crown of the sky they ascended and if they would, perhaps, sparkle and alight in the sun.

And she wondered also about the ashes and bone that would be scattered on the waves. These she knew would always sparkle, would be kept in motion by the sucking of the sea, and blazed in spray. And the smallest of particles would work their way across the ocean until, eventually, in the evening of the world, they would roll with every wave and break with every whitewash.

ANNALIE WAS THE DENTISTICIAN at Rambam Hospital in the Galilee. Neither a pathologist nor a histopathologist, she was essential to all three, and she found her knowledge deepening and expanding as medical technology changed to accommodate the advance of medicine toward chemistry and physics.

Because she was meticulous and disciplined, the hospital never failed to elevate, train, and promote her, until, it seemed, in just a few years her position would be senior, though inferior, to that of a department head. She was to the practice of medicine what a sergeant major is to the practice of arms—absolutely necessary, independent, inviolable, and able to attain his position while speaking his mind like a prophet. She was there to stay, and the sea ovarian parts of the human quite as closely as others were obscured. The central part that lay before her was the same as it had been

when she started. The bones would never call for more than a fine optical microscope and still less in preparing slides. But the road branched off to two other paths. One was electron microscopy, and the other was compensation, for not only was electron microscopy up to compensation in a digital format, but even observations in lower powers ended first.

In a decade, or even, or three, the judged, she would be able to move images, view them in multiple dimensions, catalog, compare, and enhance them, all via digital encoding. This meant travel abroad for specialized training. And these lay the problem. She had fully turned down a fellowship in electron microscopy in Germany. No one at Rambam could check for a moment that this was in any way unusual. They would not expect a woman with the badge of blinding to sitie training in Germany, for now in their present setting the staff of German hospitals and research institutions, and in the professorates, would doubtless be famous members of the SS, former troops of the Gestapo apparatus, and those whose names still lay in their cautious publications that children and their parents had been led to disgrace, names more terrible than the slangs themselves for animals.

But when the fellowship would come up in Rishonim, London, Tokyo, or Boston, she would also know to say no. Although neither her career nor her livelihood would be destroyed, she would be held back, frozen in place. These fellowships offered transportation, living quarters, every service of adjustment, and, for an Israeli, reasonable sums of local currency. She was constantly anxious about the development of the new machines. But she would have to say no.

She could not leave her father. Though he would beg her to go, given that he would die in her absence, and even about her when she refused, she could not leave him. He had no one else, only the students at the large garage academy, whom he knew by his mouthful before they finished their course. And they, in their learned state, the newest of new immigrants, confused, tongue-tied, and emotionally overwrought, behaved him because they had fallen. When finally they crossed the tracks and left the Galilee behind, they would forget him.

They might remember his aigrette watchman's cap, a tan-colored French officer's hat with a green band the color of a fly's compound eye or the front of a deer's face pale in the sun after a monsoon. They might remember his slight tremor and that he realized a feeling of loss. His slow movements, his undisguised pleasure in their youth, his patience for them. But, then, when they thought of him in years out, they could undoubtedly say, "Oh, I wonder if he's still alive. He was a nice man. He's probably dead."

She could not leave him, not even for six months, for who held her right hand in his arms for hour after hour after hour, in the times when children her age should have been skipping or jumping or late in games, and the could not be. He had held her beyond all patience, so that she could feel his heartbeat and sleep on his chest, and awoke, and fall asleep again, knowing that when she awoke he would still be there.

This, he had been told, was wrong. The child needed help after what she had been through and all she had seen. "No," he answered. "All she needs is to know that her father will not be taken from her. If it means a year or two of absolute remittance, then that is what it will be. If it means I have to be seen to her like a penguin father with an egg on

his foot, then that's what a means, and that's what I do." In far less than a year, when she understood that he would not leave her, no matter what, that he would stay in the apartment all day with her, and hold her hand when they went out to shop, that he was entirely devoted and that he would stick to her tasks, if necessary, until he died, she healed. And she became independent and strong earlier than would have been expected.

How could she, then, leave him? He was not her husband, and could not go with her abroad, even though she still lived with him and took care of him. She could leave him only when it would be right to do so, when it would be necessary, perfect, and expected, when her leaving would be as if she were floating away in a cloud of beauty. When she had a husband.

WE HAVEN'T YOU BEEN MARRIED?" her father asked the Australian.

The Australian thought his unattached status to be his solar plexus, widened his eyes, and said, "Me?"

"It's you. Why? Why?"

"I'm leaving. I've already been asked that around here," the Australian and, "in the Galilee."

"Who asked you?"

"At the beach, the Moscovite who was sailing chasm. I would never need a folding chair—farther in the water or standing while I get dry. The beach or not a beach. Well, he asked me. I suppose he wanted to find out why I don't take beach chairs to his bed. 'Do you have children?' and I said, 'What? Me?' and he said, 'Do you fall sick?' That's Ashit is right?"

"Right," answered Annalie's father.

"And I said, 'The not married.' And he said, 'Why? Ashit is right?' Come to think of it, a lot of people—a lot—ask me the same question. The Ashit never answered it directly. I suppose if I had, I'd be married now, wouldn't I?"

"Maybe. Why don't you answer it?"

"Now?"

"By now?"

"All right." He swallowed, cast suddenly into the kind of self-analysis that he, as an Australian, an atheist, and an engineer, was not fond of and wanted to put behind him quickly. "Well," he said, "I suppose I could make excuses. couldn't I? I could say that I didn't get married in college. Did I? No. I didn't. I was too young. Then I was in the army for two years, and I didn't get married then, either. Then I was in graduate school for five years. Oh, yes. When I finished, I was thirty. My father died soon after I didn't take a ready. This answer is though. That's when I went to work at the airport. I wanted to be sick, as it were, for a while. I can't say why that while snatched into five years. And now. To be here. I could say all that."

"Is that what you would say?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because it wouldn't be the truth. The truth is, I look sort of like a chimpanzee, you know."

Annalie's father did not know what a chimpanzee was, in English, at least, which was how the Australian had said to say it, as he himself did not know the word in Hebrew, and Annalie's father had thought the Australian had said he looked like a monkey. The old man clasped his eyes and sadly shook

her head from side to side, saying, "A monkey! A monkey!" which was his way of saying, You don't look like a monkey.

The Austrian, smirched, but still in good humor, went on: "I always thought I looked quite a bit like a chimpanzee," he said, but, all right, I'll take your word for it, a monkey! And I'm sorry. Whenever women have been interested in me—what I mean to say is in love—I can't believe it. I realize only after the fact, when they're gone, long after I might have responded, which is perfectly sensible, that's why would any woman be interested in me?"

"That's why I'm not married. It's simple. I've never believed that anyone would want to marry me."

ANNALISE HAD BEEN in the army in one form or another for sixteen years, and that, her fourteenth year of merciful duty, was to be the last. She had finished writing and signed upon active service just as fast for the State Campaign of 1986. She had been called up for the June War, had served in the War of Attrition, and all the times between, when she would return to the army for however many weeks it demanded each year. But after thirty-four she would be free. On the ninth day of October, 1986, she would be released at 6:00 p.m. and never have to go back.

Rambam took casualties from the north, and it would have made sense for Annalise to serve there in a medical unit. The way, however, deserved the right to be diagonal, and she had always done reserve duty as a clerk in a transport unit in the Galilee. This was neither an honor nor a disgrace. The transport of soldiers to or upon the

battlefield at just as important as their care; after they were wounded, and perhaps more important, if only because a hunk was quickly and decisely done to head casualties on presenting them—than the beat of hospitals.

The day was off. Hiv-Hol, as far from the language academy she had come to know as shaded yards, as sun roofs as trees, and as shrubs so well that she needed them. Though perhaps finally their idiosyncrasies rhythm and physical dimensions prompted permission to live in summer, it was dark and cool in the cavernous garages and windowless arched ways where thousands of wupatas lay heavy, black, and piled on mud racks, remembers, passed, and eager

for war, for only when war came would they leap from their nests and be dashed out into the wind and sunlight.

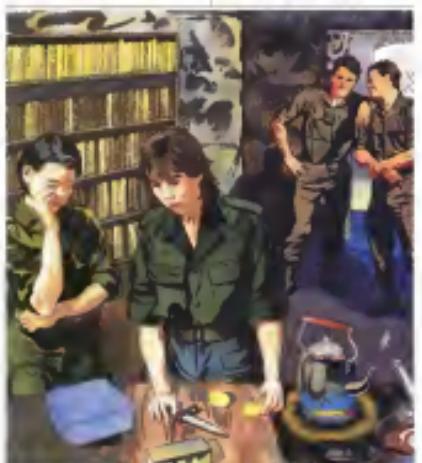
In winter, rays of orange sun so rarely struck the corner at which Annalise worked that when they did everyone came to look, in it as in a eclipse. In winter, the rust beat upon the tin roofs so loudly that the clerks and messmen had to shout to be heard; it was so cold that everyone was draped in blankets, and the smell of kerosene burning in floor stoves override the scents of gas oil and gasoline. In each stove the atmosphere glowed like the sun as invisible vapors barreled around it.

Annalise and Shoshanna—a young woman so beautiful that half of life was closed to her, as she was always the object, and never the observer—worked together to keep the records. Their regimen was the laundry inventory of jumps and tall stacks, tanks and refrigerators, sausages and fat tanks, water tanks and field kitchens. All these quantitative things had an etiology of joints and a history of checks and re-inventions. Down in Annalise's splendid hand, and then in Shoshanna's inductive scruples that, once, Annalise had been a mischievous being to loss, the records filled ledger after ledger on a wall of shelves.

This work the size of an encyclopedic world would never be read, and it proceeded according to its own strategies, as it were alive. But nonetheless the two clerks—one who existed men like a drug, the other almost invisible to men—labored usefully to move their writing beautiful. After all, not that for back or their fingers were thicker than those of Sot and Jerusalem who worked not to make something permanent, or vanity as, the state, but who labored because, as they did, nearly motionless, eyes diverted, thoughts disengaged, pen up, rolling across the page like a boat on the waves, they felt the presence of God.

Annalise could take down a volume and see in handwriting that was on occasion her own and more often that of other clerks, both regular and reserve, something like the hypnotic work that adored Anna Timpani, or the eye-crossing designs of an Indian rite. It was not destination to which the religious initiations were devoted, but rhythms and intervals that, with precision, could shut out the earthly life.

Then Shoshanna knew, Shoshanna who, Annalise understood, was so beautiful that she was sexually infatuated with herself. Thus, in turn, put men in an almost uncontrollable state.



JEFFREY DALEY

Shoshanna, Annalise knew, was so beautiful that she was sexually infatuated with herself.

found the delirium that Shoshanna inspired difficult to fathom, as she was never the object but always the observer in anything but dance she was far bigger than her friend, but in the presence of her friend, desire seemed to take up all the space in the world. The summers in particular were impregnated with Shoshanna, and at the four o'clock break when they the messmen, and the clerks gathered for tea, sparks flew. They fought among themselves sometimes, or seemed in-depted to sexual passions, or breached like wounded animals. Perhaps it was that they were almost all conscripts, and therefore both young and suddenly confirmed. Or perhaps it was that they spent their mornings and afternoons pumping, cleaning rods back and forth in the steel coated barrels of the weapons in their charge. No matter what the reason, the four o'clock they were fierce.

But never for Annalise, who was too old, too incisive, and not quite pretty. They tried to use her to get to

Shoshanna.

"Annalise," one ever said, "you and Shoshanna must get to talk being still all the time, and with your hands so full of ink, do you take a shower at the end of the day?"

"Ask Shoshanna," Annalise had snapped, although she would indeed have loved to have been under a warm shower even with that young woman, had he embraced her with something even vaguely close to love. But he wouldn't have had it in him, because, among other things, he hadn't had the courage to ask Shoshanna the question meant for her.

With the messmen, however, was something that Annalise always liked. They were men, after all, and not a single one was married. For years, even after Shoshanna came, Annalise had looked forward to her narrative diary for this, and other reasons, because the men with whom she associated in the hospital had families, and by the time in the army she found flirtation and youth, things that were closing off in her life, and the looklessness of sexual enthusiasm and desire, and what she could imagine, finally, might take place on the empty beaches touch of Hada.

It would all end on the ninth of October, when even the army would admit that she was too old.

ANNALISE'S FATHER ROSE from the dinner table and stepped to the end of the massive "Look," he said. "The season is over, and he's out in the dunes, like a seal. Perhaps it's a seal." He went to get his binoculars, leaving Annalise, seemingly annoyed, to eat alone.

The light, which changes rarely by the sea than anywhere else, had moved into the natural melancholy of October. Even as the north light that spreads out upon the sea off Hada is amber and deep, a usually low level of color that quickly brings out its rustiness. But in the fall, the light is greatest as it struggles with shadow, of which there is suddenly so much that the beaches empty even though the water is warm.

Only the old women whom everyone called the

whales would stay down at the beach, in their usual position, sitting at the water's edge so that the waves ran up their legs and around their balloonlike bottoms, keeping them slowly in the sand like the foundations of a port. For some reason, they wore rubber booting cups for this ritual, though was a day of foam ever touched their hair.

"It's him," Annalise's father said, looking. "Come see."

"Look close up," her father insisted, as people do when they have binoculars (and then they won't give them to you).

She sighed in exhaustion, but, to humor him and because it seemed seemed safe to glance at someone else a mile away, out in sea, beyond reach, she took the binoculars.

Looking them in her eyes, she began to turn the focus wheel even before the eyepiece made contact with her face. She knew how different her father's vision was from her own.

At first she saw only a blur of empty sea, crystalline in the barrel of the binoculars, the motion of the waves measuring in and out of focus. Then, as she turned the wheel, she began to see the lines we tend to forget are in water, the shapes, the patches, and the texture.

The sky came level at the horizon and she now had her binoculars, sweeping like the eye from the Stella Maris Light, along like the gaze of one of her messmen. She caught him, the inappropriately ewe-like past, renamed, and looked him in.

"He doesn't look like a monkey," Annalise said. "He doesn't look like a monkey at all."

"That's what I told him."

Annalise hesitated for a moment, a moment that because of us history she knew would be entirely private. The Austrian was sitting astride an air mattress, riding the swells. His body was hard and muscular. Even from a great distance she could see the changing definition of his shoulders, arms, and abdomen as he moved to stay balanced. He kept his back straight and his head erect as he and his air mattress swayed from the peaks to the troughs of the waves, and the wind sometimes blew spray at his face.

Annalise put down the binoculars, suddenly overcome with the same kind of slow pleasure she had sensed so strongly in his beautiful friend, Shoshanna.

"He's out there every day," her father said. "I'd find it interesting to see if he makes it to December."

ON SATURDAY, ON HER LEAVE, Annalise's father made his own dinner, and at five o'clock she stood alone on the beach, in shadow, as a break wind. Refusing to shave in the bushes, she tucked off her shirt, dropped her robe on the sand, and stripped.

Though she had expected the sea to be cold, it was far warmer than the air, and even the spray that caugled in her hair as she stood and held the warmth of six months of Middle Eastern sun. Soon she found herself in the belt of

I PLEDGE
ALLEGIANCE
TO THE
UNDERDOG,
UNDERMANNED
'69 NEW YORK JETS,
AND TO THE SERSEY OF
BROADWAY JOE. MAY
ITS MAGIC RUB
OFF ON THIS
YEAR'S TEAM SO
THAT WE ALL CAN RELIVE
OUR WILDEST DREAM.



12

WHO DO YOU PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO?



Get your favorite team's 1969 NFL throwbacks jersey. Their 1995 cap, jacket, and pennant. Or anything else NFL that shows off your true colors.



THE ESQUIRE GUIDE

HAVING A HEART ATTACK

Every year, more than 230,000 American men under fifty-five have heart attacks: What if you're one of them?

BY DAVID NOONAN



I'VE NEVER FELT PAIN LIKE THIS IN MY LIFE. It felt like the muscles were being ripped away from the bones in my arms, all the way down to the tips of my fingers, all the way across my shoulders. I was in fucking physical agony. And I remember standing there, going, 'Oh, God, God, please don't let me die here, don't let me die here on this street. Please, God.'

The human heart, fully formed and beating by the eighth week of development, capable of beating for a century or more, is a graceful workpiece, an elegant dynamo, as efficient and ingenious in design as anything in nature. It is mesmerizing to contemplate, with its constant beating, its quiet power, its primal role as the aerial center of our being

It is the steady little engine that could—and does the flow of blood through its five chambers and four valves is the closest thing we know to the source of life itself. All the while, or hope or theory, that the beating heart is as real as a gnat. It's a miracle, that's all. It has a job to do, and it does the job: it pumps blood.

BILL ROBINS

OCTOBER 1995 • ESQUIRE • 143

Heart-Stopping Numbers

According to the World Health Organization's first annual survey of global health, coronary-artery disease is the leading affliction in the world; it killed 4.2 million people in 1990.

► This is the finding among all pretenders, permanent disability in the American labor force, accounting for one in every five federal disability pensions.

► Perhaps the earliest documented case of CAD is that of a fifty-year-old Egyptian woman (died 1890 A.D.) whose mummified heart "showed well-marked fibrous thickening" of the coronary arteries.

What's That Pain in Your Chest?

MORE THAN 5.5 million people in the U.S. have ongoing pain, the recurring short pain associated with CAD. A nationally representative survey suggests that millions more claim they have it. In fact, new research has characterized this short length of chest pain, including indigestion, pulled muscles and the temporary angina of stress and environmental extremes in their activities and leisure.

Classic angina is a dull, pressurizing pain (like describing a tightness or a tightrope) held at the breast bone. It is usually brought on by physical exertion, mental stress, or emotional distress—things that cause the heart muscle to work harder and therefore use up more blood and oxygen. When

Oxygen-depleted blood returning from the body enters the right atrium—site of the upper chambers—and flows down into the right ventricle. From there, it is pumped up out of the heart through the pulmonary artery to the lungs, where it picks up oxygen. Then it's back through the pulmonary veins [the veins in the body that carry oxygenated blood] to the left atrium of the heart, the other upper chamber, then down into the left ventricle and out again via the aorta and on to the lungs and the rest of the body.

The key to understanding heart attacks is understanding the heart, like any other part of the body, has an own blood supply, does not draw the blood and oxygen that it needs from the blood flowing through it. The heart needs in order to work is supplied by the coronary arteries, which emerge on the aorta at the top of the heart and divide around the outside of the heart like vines. The coronary artery wraps around the back and bottom of the heart. The left coronary artery covers the front and left side of the heart, and the right coronary artery covers the back and right side of the heart. The coronary arteries are the blood vessels that supply the heart muscle with blood and oxygen needed to do its function, he had never really been sick on his life. He did however have a *cheloneurosis* in the 190's stage. "I was raised in the South, and we sat a lot of, a lot of park, about a lot of mall, just butter on everything. There was a time when my family had to walk a dog from the very early people had to walk around the fire." He chuckles wryly at the memory. "It wasn't fried in used oil." He moved north early in his career, but that didn't stop his thing. "Travel to New York and discovered the joys of passing time in the Jewish fiefdom—lots of parties, bridge, and carded beef!"

ATHEROSCLEROSIS is the technical term for the narrowing of arteries due to the buildup of fatty deposits called plaque. Plaque is made up of fat, cholesterol, and other substances. It has been well demonstrated that people with elevated cholesterol levels have a greater risk of

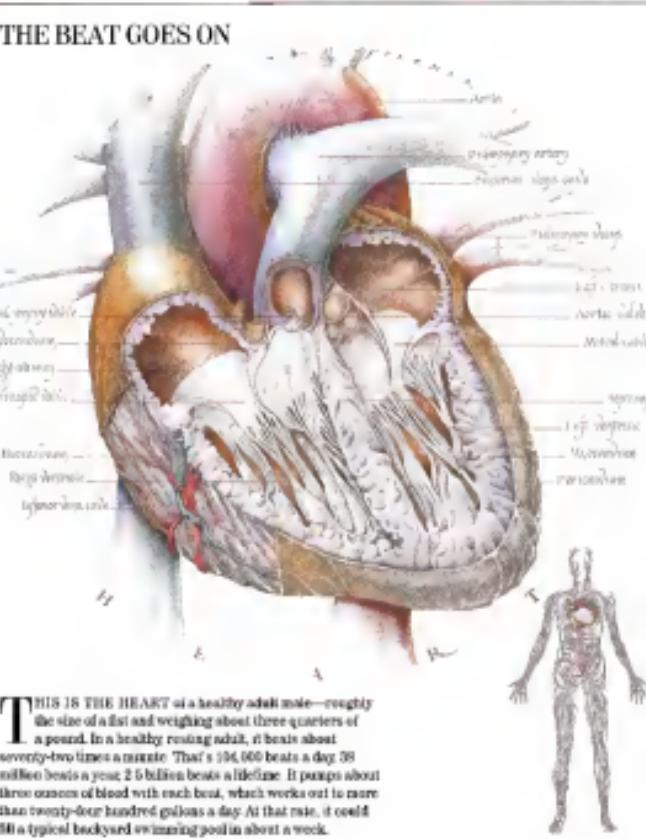
that need less time by arteries that have been narrowing, plaque, the heart contract to increase metabolism and burn up the oxygen stored in stores. This leads to a buildup of lactic acid in the muscle tissue, which is the actual cause of the pain. Abstain can also trigger angina, as can cold weather.

An attack of angina pectoris follows a pattern, so being in intensity is a pleasure, and the pain may radiate to the arms, the neck, and the lower jaw. Rest or nitroglycerin should bring quick, relief, usually within five minutes, and this rapid response is a key to identifying angina. Angina rarely lasts longer than one minute or causes more than fifteen. Longer than that and you may



well have crossed the border & run away.

Stony, pulsing pain that is best described as stabbing, shooting or knifelike is not likely to be angina. Similarly, chest pain that occurs only after exercise or at the end of the day usually does not indicate blockages to the heart.



THIS IS THE HEART of a healthy adult male—weighing the size of a fist and weighing about three quarters of a pound. In a healthy resting adult, it beats about seventy-two times a minute. That's 104,000 beats a day. 38 million beats a year. 2.5 billion beats in life. It pumps about three ounces of blood with each beat, which works out to more than twenty-four hundred gallons a day. At that rate, it could fill a typical backyard swimming pool in about a week.



The Excitable Heart

ABNORMAL heartbeats are fairly common among the general population, and treatment depends on the severity of the arrhythmia. "I have had nine for five arrhythmias in the heart's electrical system, and precipitating conditions include congenital disorders as well as

atherosclerosis and hypertension. Caffeine, alcohol, cigarette smoke, and cocaine can also provoke arrhythmias. An occasional heart arrhythmia is not necessarily a sign of pathology, and certain heart arrhythmias are well-known to be quite normal for being us. A visit to a cardiologist to rule out anything serious can bring peace of mind.

that no amount of exercise or surgery or anything else can restore the dead tissue."

THE DAY OF HIS HEART ATTACK, Wilkes Falmer "just slept for 10 hours." He was only 36 and off to bed long. I thought I had the flu." He took a couple of Sudafed, but they didn't help. After a typically long, winding, he had an early evening meeting; it was a good meeting with friends—no real pressure. As he sat there, the discomfort held him, feeling like it had strengthened. His heart started to race, and he began to "feel strange" through his neck. He excused himself and headed for the door. "When I stood up, I felt like I had headed and every muscle was out of my body, though you know, when your body's doing things, but you're not in time with it. I finished for the day, and it was like my hand didn't know to go up." He was on the street, heading for his car, when it finally hit. The pain in his jaw got so bad he couldn't open his mouth and then the pain was just his neck down both of his arms. It was excruciating, way beyond anything he'd ever experienced. "The thinking, 'What is happening to me?' Then I think, 'Oh man, it must be that Sudafed.' After the pain had been off, it made me aware, 'Oh, I've been passed!'"

Then the pain got worse, and it occurred to him that he was going to die right there on the sidewalk. He managed to get in his car and drive a mile or so. He realized by then that he was probably having a heart attack, but he absolutely cringed about it going to his doctor. "I thought I could just another three days. I wouldn't like to be a statistic or something. I figured I could just let the heart wait, and the pain would go away."

But it didn't go away. He was awaiting all overcast news, as he pulled over on a dark night in Hollywood. Then he felt nausea, as he crawled out of his car and began to vomit on someone's lawn. "I never thought about it, pulling all over the guy's front yard, but I felt a little better, and I sat down on a little stool and put my head between my legs, and I'm trying to get air and it's pitch black."

require no treatment at all to relieve brief episodes of ventricular fibrillation in which the heartbeats become extremely rapid and chaotic and the heart pumps no blood. Falmer had this when he first presented, but they were not terribly serious. "But they were a little scary for being us. A visit to a cardiologist to rule out anything serious can bring peace of mind."

was and had to say, "The bad news is, you have had a heart attack," he said. "The good news is, you picked the best time in history to do it."

Falmer was treated with warfarin (coumadin) and a thrombolytic agent to dissolve the blood clot that had caused the heart attack. The average time of clot life after a drug is administered is forty minutes. Right on schedule, Falmer began to feel better. "When that drug kicked in, I could feel the blood circulating again. It felt like it was still pretty serious, but they were not terribly serious for being us. A visit to a cardiologist to rule out anything serious can bring peace of mind."

Falmer's wife arrived and nearly had a heart attack of her own. "She told me that she looked like a dead human being. She said I was yellow. My eyes were yellow, my skin was yellow. I was dead." An angiogram was done that night, and it was determined that Falmer had a single-vessel disease—only the left coronary artery was clogged—during the early morning hours.

The next day, after a second diagnostic angiogram, it was decided that the thrombolytic agent had not restored sufficient blood flow to the heart, and a balloon angioplasty was performed to open up the narrowed artery.

Falmer was awake during the procedure—"It's my heart!" he told the doctors. "I want to see it look at it." The angiogram was taken during the insertion of the catheter into his coronary artery. He could also feel the catheter in his coronary artery. "It didn't hurt. It was just the physical pressure that gave me an-orexia feeling and gave me a bad taste."

WITH THROMBOLYTIC and angioplasty, Falmer received the two state-of-the-art treatments for acute myocardial infarction. Thrombolytic, dissolving the clot that is blocking the artery was the most direct treatment possible for his heart attack. For patients benefit, the thrombolytic agent should be administered within two hours of the attack.

Coronary angioplasty first performed on us, has achieved wide acceptance as a treatment for the narrowing of the arteries, with

more than 150,000 procedures performed each year. In balloon angioplasty, a catheter is threaded up from the femoral artery into the coronary artery to the site of the blockage. The balloon is inflated for a period of thirty seconds to two minutes, widening the narrowed artery. Other angioplasty techniques have been developed, including laser angioplasty, in which the blockage is vaporized with a laser beam, and ablation, in which a rotating blade shaves away the plaque. Sometimes, after angioplasty, doctors place stents—thin tubes of stainless steel wire—within the newly opened artery. Angioplasty has proved to be initially successful in 90 percent of cases. In more than a third of these cases, however, the blockage returns within one year.

Coronary-artery-bypass graft surgery (CABG, pronounced like the vegetable), commonly known as bypass surgery is another established treatment for CAD, both severe angina and heart attack. But while angioplasty by-pass surgery is almost never used as an immediate treatment for acute heart attack.

When used in heart-attack cases, a bypass is usually performed several months after the incident, when the patient is strong enough to endure the rigors of open-heart surgery. More than three hundred thousand bypasses are performed each year in the U.S. The classic procedure, developed in the late 1960s, is a ratio of high-risk plumbing, an straightforward in effect as it is simple: unimpeded, the flow of blood from the aorta to the heart muscle is increased around the blocked arteries, using pieces of vein usually taken from the leg. During the operation, as seen in countless TV episodes, the patient is kept alive with a heart-lung machine, while the heart is stopped, drained of blood, and cooled



Will an Aspirin a Day Keep Infarction Away?

A lot of healthy people take aspirin these days in the belief that it helps prevent heart attacks. Which is fine, because it probably does. However, aspirin, which decreases blood clotting by inhibiting the action of platelets, is best established for secondary prevention. It's not as a treatment for people who have already had a heart attack. Low-dose aspirin therapy in such patients reduces the risk of a second heart attack by as much as 30 percent.

Aspirin's role in the primary prevention of heart attack is not as well-documented, but at least one study suggests aspirin does. Among forty-two thousand male doctors studied, those who took, on behalf of aspirin, daily aspirin had 44 percent fewer heart attacks than the ones who did not take the tablet. They did not, however, have fewer strokes, and their overall death rate was not affected.

Fried Pork Rinds for Everybody!

AGENETH, mentioned above, is a small group of people living in the town of Lourdes, France, that may not be to be the best thing that ever happened to America's fast-food-corporate industry. These folks are on a quest, which causes a media cult, to find changes in fast-food pricing elements of LDL cholesterol, cholesterol disrupts the fact that they never had atherosclerotic cholesterol until the late 1970s. The group has been reported worldwide, and the results of the press have been polygons for 6.1. Milano (1980). A 1000-word report in *Time* magazine, which includes the study, has high hopes for the

future application of genetically engineered pigs. A 1986 report in *Science* for the first time has reported results in experiments with transgenic and nontransgenic pigs. These pigs have been injected with recombinant apo E-4, a protein that is a major protective element of HDL cholesterol, cholesterol disrupts the fact that they never had atherosclerotic cholesterol until the late 1970s. The group has been reported worldwide, and the results of the press have been polygons for 6.1. Milano (1980). A 1000-word report in *Time* magazine, which includes the study, has high hopes for the



Risk Factors: What Are Your Personal Odds?

DR. TIMOTHY BURTON knows just about them. He is known about arteriosclerosis and the risk factors associated with CAD. He also knows what he likes and doesn't like to hear or say: as a cardiologist, a highly- and much-established-and-a few blocks from the L.A. Hospital where he tends to hundreds of bypass patients each year, living a mile with a cholesterol level of 260 and a family history of premature CAD—is his. Different bypass surgery is like this. Burton says, "I have three of the eight classic risk factors and might be expected to forged for bypass surgery and what price. So the practice what he practices, a practical, sensible approach to the risks of heart disease."

"I would like to work on my cholesterol," he says. "That's what I care about." That would affect the quality of my life." So he tries to suffice in balance by maintaining a vigorous exercise routine, life insurance, balanced diet. Through the Hollywood hills each weekday and twice to thirty miles on the Sunday road tripping "I talk myself. 'I'll want to be a vegetarian for the rest of my life, or I'm willing to take that increased chance in the chance of a heart attack."

It is the kind of informed decision that Burton helps his patients make as well. The key to managing risk factors is understanding exactly what a risk factor is: it is a risk factor, meaning a possibility, a starting line of sorts. It is anything that is certainly, if it is estimated, to increase the risk of heart disease by 50 percent or more. The higher your risk level, the better. About 50 percent of Americans with risk factors—more than thirty-four million people—have cholesterol levels of 260 or higher. And thirty-seven million of these have levels of 290 and above. There are, incredible numbers. But as

Burton points out, "For most, most of us people are not going to get heart disease, although it is the most common cause of death. They're going to get cancer; they're going to get hit by a truck." Yes, you are going to be someone, but if you like 20 percent of people get heart disease by the age of seventy.

At the same time, the epidemiological evidence supporting the connection between heart disease and the classic risk factors is strong. Indeed, "You have to assume your risk is low and derive an approach that you can actually live with," Burton says, "and everybody has to assume his own risks."

The known risk factors for CAD:

1. Elevated Cholesterol

Cholesterol levels in the leading average of middle adults—an extremely complex area of human health—should not be less than 200 mg/dl. According to the NHANES, a total cholesterol of greater than 160 (that total measure does not include the particles measured on a more "inflamed" significantly increased risk). A woman's risk should not be more than 160 mg/dl of her high-density lipoprotein.

2. Diabetes

Since 1970, the risk of the U.S. is known to have doubled, and an study as seven million more have had it than those it. It increases a man's risk of developing heart disease two times and a woman's three times. More than 80 percent of diabetes are of some form of heart or blood-vessel disease, usually the symptoms of CAD are not as apparent in diabetes.

possibly the low nerve sensitivity that affects their ability to sense pain.

3. High Blood Pressure

The "silent killer" means exactly that—no symptoms so many signs, cause

classic symptoms unknown. Hypertension is often called the "big killer" because it is the most common cause of death. They're going to get cancer; they're going to get hit by a truck." Yes, you are going to be someone, but if you like 20 percent of people get heart disease by the age of seventy.

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Esquire GENTLEMAN

European trends for spring. Ray Liotta in black. New slim suit.

On Fashion: Woody Hochswender

Turn-of-the-Century Chic

HERE ARE SOME OF THE key elements in millennial men's style, as proposed recently by fashion designers in Milan and Florence: **1.** Slim suits, often in iridescent, sharkskin fabrics, usually single-breasted and double-vented, with a bit of Lyra in the rib cage to make motion feasible. **2.** Tight-fitting Ban-Lon-type sport shirts, the kind men wore in the Eisenhower era, very polyester, with a floppy collar trimmed with a dark stripe, worn under suits instead of a shirt and tie. **3.** Tailored dress shirts and sweaters, that is, body-hugging shirts and ribbed knit in stretch fibers and solid colors. **4.** Loafers, especially chukka-style white ones, worn without socks (scratching designers on both sides of the Atlantic: seven common sense about the importance of bare ankles). **5.** Unplanned, tapered suit trousers, frequently cropped short and slung low on the hips.

The designers who specialize in these styles are Katherina Hamnett, Tom Ford for Gucci,

there are some chukkas. Help

bags for the office?

Get out of here.

The trendsetters have been in a decidedly cool mood. Gucci's acclaimed new designer, Tom Ford, was big on slouchy, early-1900s colors.

The optional New suits from Italian designers (left) — Cesare Attolini's shiny interlock with Tolani, Dolce & Gabbana's suit with Ban-Lon-type shirt, Giandomenico Belotti's three-piece with striped shirt, Valentino's single-breasted with subtle printed shirt.





Perusing: Soft blue-tinted suit, left, and light-colored V-neck body sweater, above, by Giorgio Armani

ing, midlength miniskirts, opaque print shirts, and shiny leathers—as well as white paper-bag-style sarongs, with the trademark Gucci bridge-buckle, for men. The models at Dolce & Gabbana at one point came out in white suits, carrying matchbooks or ashtrays and consulting their watches. There has been surgery?

A clear theme in men's fashion for spring 1996 is an increased consciousness of the body (both, that means more skin time.) Throughout this century, men's clothing has typically served the function of hiding a man's body—

As we near the end of the century, all earlier eras seem worthy of revival, no matter how plastic or tasteless they were at the time. (In fact, they seem oddly refreshing.) Syndicate or "such-as" fabrics, with hints of the space-age designs of André Courrèges, were important at several collections, especially the Jeanne and Venus collections by Gianni Versace, which had the look down pat. Katherine Hamnett, a London designer, put on a memorable show in May that began with two family clowns male models in shiny shiny male models in shiny suit sizes, with fuzzy little knuckle-banded hats and pointy shoes.

Harman's models had pencil miniskirts and matching all-skin equal in their gray flannel or plaidness. But men's design lately has been all about reviving the body, selectively, the way women's fashion is. Thus you had loads of doublets shirts and sweaters in Giorgio Armani, transparent shirts at Gucci, Dolce & Gabbana, Krizia, and Catherine Hornung.

Armeni, who creates above and beyond trends, his main styling reference point is himself—was deftly on a body look. He scored with his men's sweaters and his continuing experiments with men's tailoring, including side belted suit jackets and matching feathers on his clothing. In his quest for figure-revealing tailoring, Gianni Versace showed stretch suits in black and blue as well as some beautiful brown seersucker. Mason, a designer house forever associated with the status, was a surprise comeback hit of the Milan men's wear season with an all-knit collection, which included checkered knit suits, striped body shirts, and sweatpants.

Three-in-one: The nylon windbreaker, above, by Gianni Versace; denim stretch slacks, left, by Etifet; right, by Katherine Hamnett; an outfit, below, with belt, tie, and matching shoes



See-through shirt: Krizia's transparent body shirt for men

From suit trousers, rippled nylon windbreakers, and stretch denim denim to pants—the kinds of temperature clothes that used to be obtainable in certain cheap clothing stores on 42nd Street in New York (where the "Mitas" were made of such cruddy fibers that they looked shiny even before you had them dry-cleaned.)

This represented the very extreme end of fashion, where sleekness, drapeability, and unfortunate taste became virtues. And guess what? The women at the show loved it. □

Balk Business Lord & Taylor Macy's
Dayton's Marshall Field's Hudson's

claiborne
S U I T S





ACTOR **RAY LIOTTA** CAPTURES THE DRAMATIC ELEGANCE OF BLACK AS DESIGNERS REDISCOVER THE POWER OF THIS FASHION STAPLE

BLACK POWER

Photographs by Troy Word

Produced by John Mather

RAY LIOTTA HAD ONE of these screen debuts that make people sit up and cringe. As Melanie Griffith's vicious ex-husband in *Something Wild*, he turned the last third of the movie into a mordacious bloodfest, giving new meaning to the term "violent streak." Maybe that's why people still tend to think of him as a tough guy, despite the variety of roles he's taken on since. From the essentially likable mobster Henry Hill in *GoodFellas* to the romantic lead in *Corrina, Corrina* to a Green Beret helping to deliver an elephant in



Three-knit cardigan
sweat suit by Polo Sport by
Ralph Lauren
cotton moleskine shirt
by Polo by Ralph
Lauren
flannel socks by
Polo/Ralph Lauren
flannel shorts by
Joseph Abboud
Opposite: Wool coat,
cashmere turtleneck,
wool trousers,
and leather boots by
Giorgio Armani

BLACK POWER

Edited rag-up wool sweater, wool-and-satin trousers, and leather snap tape by Dennis Karim; cotton-piqué T-shirt by Isaac Mizrahi; Three-button cotton-blended wool-blend sport coat and cotton shirt by Hugo Boss; silk tie by Dior by Hugo Boss.



Vietnam in this summer's *Operation Dumbo Drop*, Loiota has more than proven his range. His own personality, he says, probably comes closest to that of the character he played in *Dominick and Eugene*—medical student who cares for his mentally retarded brother. "I can relate to being nice to somebody," he says. "I've been in one fight my whole life and that was in seventh grade."

Still, it's his darker side that's most intriguing, and early next year Loiota will show it again in *Unforgettable*, directed by contemporary film-pair master John Dahl (*Red Rock West*, *The Lost Seduction*). "I don't play a bad person exactly," says Loiota, "but a person who wants very badly to find something out." His part is that of a medical examiner who is trying to solve his wife's murder experiments with a drug that allows him to reexperience her memories. "It's a creepy, cool, out-there movie," says Loiota, who was attracted to the possibilities created by the unreality of the situation. His female costar is *Lost Seduction*'s Linda Fiorentino, who plays a nerdy scientist rather than a Jeannie fatale.

Loiota's never been a fashion fanatic, but he admits to dressing up more often lately. His already imposing presence is intensified in this season's all-black trend, shown on these pages. "Black is great because it's simple," he says. "There's not a lot of decision-making involved." —CAMILLE COZzone





CLOTHING BY GIORGI PONTE MILANO AT THE STYLISH, NEW YORK, WEAR AT FIFTH AVENUE. SHIRT FROM PALAZETTI INC., NEW YORK.



BLACK POWER

Left shirt by Giorgi
1981. Opposite: Bettina double-
breasted cashmere
coat by Gianni Versace
plus-front, plastron
wool trousers by Gianni
Versace. Shoes
by Ds. Boot by
Adam Smith.
For store information
see page 174.

Slim Jims

CHANGES IN men's tailored fashion tend to be microscopic: a narrower lapel here, a higher-buttoned stance there. But at the last two seasons, clothing designers have been making a strong statement with new, very strict tailoring. Jackets are slim, close to the body, often double-breasted for freedom of movement. In some cases, stretch fabrics are blended with wool to offset the tight fit. Trousers are narrow, low-slung, and plain to frost—a clear evolution to the laid-back, pleated pants of the last decade. It may seem like a style designed mainly for youager

men and fashion types, but the trend is widespread and powerful enough to have influenced mainstream manufacturers. Fashion houses leading the way with this new cut shape include Gucci, Prada, Romeo Gigli, Cerruti, Alberto Biani, and Richard Tyler. Worn with a medium-spread-collar shirt and solid tie, the look is simple and alluring—without being off-the-wall.

Single-breasted wool suit with double-widowpane pattern by Giorgio Armani; spread-collar cotton shirt by Luigi Borrelli; silk tie by Prada; double-breasted blazer by Z.Z. Watanabe; Opposites Permanent stretch-wool suit by Richard Tyler; spread-collar cotton shirt by Prada; silk tie by Borsalino.

Photographs by Marc Hom
Produced by Tony Mennile





Strictly Chic

Three-button checked wool suit by Romeo Gigli; spread-collar cotton shirt by Luigi Borrelli; silk tie by Zino; leather belt by J. M. Weston. Opposite: Cotton smoking coat with velvet pocket by Etro; cotton dress shirt with French cuff by Prada; silk tie by Saks; belt by J. M. Weston.

Beyond the Boardroom

Three-button sport-coat-vest
set by Prada notched-collar
satin shirt by Luigi Borrelli
silk tie by Ornamenti Milano
silk bow by J. M. Weston
Opposite: Striped wool suit by
Alberto Biani per New York
spread-collar vest-coat
by Luigi Borrelli silk tie by
Tod's Roma.

For store information
see page 128.





CARS

Phil Patton

Bimmer Lite

GOOD THINGS CAN come in small packages, but just how good, just how small? That's the question raised by the new BMW 316i, now in showrooms at \$14,900—the lowest list price at which a Bimmer has ever been offered in the U.S. and, by no accident, almost exactly the price of the average American car. The price is simple: a BMW with everything you expect but the price.

The 316 (short for "touring international") is the base 318i but with nearly nine inches shorter and, most important, 10 pounds lighter. And in the way, BMW has defied an industry established by concluding the car with a hatchback, hitherto associated with fuel-economy sedans.

"This car is not about safety," says BMW executive Ruth Lirkus. "It's about being a BMW." But doesn't the rule: How useful is it? Will buyers see this car as an expensive small hatchback or a sensibly inexpensive BMW?

The joke is aimed at people who were raised with utility. The "psychographics" of the potential buyer, the marketers say, go beyond size. He is oriented toward "practical rather than superficial values" is optimistic, and is highly receptive to new technology. Who could resist an image of blinding! The European version, called the Compact, has been a massive success, but will Americans be as enthusiastic?

To establish that the 316 is a real BMW, the Bavarians offered up a set of classic American country roads in northwestern Arkansas. Beside the highways, official portraits were *WEED* (cheerful) AND *WEED*—a reference not to the Charlton joke, to local politicians and tax-exempt prison bars but to stretches of pavement linking towns with the regular names of crossroads America: Jasper and Lanton and Heico. On roads encapsulating the history of pavement experiments in the motorcoach state, the car absorbs the effects of car load and lumpy asphalt patches. Heavily saturated pavement gear turned into noise but not vibration.

Most find wallowing down Arkansas 61, you are obliged to drop down a couple of gears. There's very little power below 3,000 rpm. Although BMW expects to sell nearly half of the car with a four-speed automatic, it did not show the four-cam. You need a stick to stir up the satisfying but insatiable sounds of its hornet's nest.

So how did the engineers do it? What did they leave out? Open the doors and you find that this car is not really so tiny. The front seats slide easily forward to allow access to back ones whose headroom is actually more generous than in the standard 318i coupe. You are clever economists, such as the simple exposed rod to which the front seat belts are attached. The dashboard is simplified from the standard three-area version. You get fabric seats and human-powered seat adjustment. For the pallid flashlight in the glove compartment is still there, and the outside mirrors and even the windshield-washer nozzles are buried.

Most of all, they did it during the seven hatchback, a configuration in general delivery since it became a syndrome for downgrading and took its place in our iconography beside the Jimmy Carter invention and even McDonald's big Mac. In truth, the hatchback is a sturdy idea, providing easier access and serenity of space, especially in combination with fold-down rear seats. (With his given away with it for years by the simple expedient of calling the aperture the fifth door!) In a pinch, it can also be useful with twice over two-by-four on the way home from the builder's supply.

The base car is well equipped, although you will be hard-pressed to find one Only so-poor—the interior—will go for \$14,900. The rest will run around \$4,000 more—the price of either the Sport or the Active package. The former offers a stiffer suspension, while the latter brings a sunroof and more luxurious appointments.

Along the roads of the Ozarks, an abundance of small, busy white churches of largely fundagorelian dimensions suggest another, simpler point about this car. French philosopher Roland Barthes, writing with typical Gallic caustic about the Cathédrale de Chartres, proclaimed that canons are the cathedral of our time. But a car like the 316 may be the country chapel of our time, a necessary suggestion that the spirit of power, like the power of the spirit, can be concentrated in the smallest of packages, and often more easily than in larger structures.

BMW 316i Technical Features

Engines: Four-cylinder, 1.6-liter double-overhead cam, 16 valves, 118 horsepower.

Accelerations: 0 to 60 in 9.8 seconds (with manual transmission).

Top speed: 116 mph.

Mileage: 38 mpg city, 28 highway.

Other features: Dual air bags, optional antilock computer.

Base price: \$14,900.

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HAIR

Finally... The Truth About Hair Transplants

The latest advances in hair transplant techniques make it possible for us to complete most, if not all, of your work in only one session.

The old "pluggy" look associated with hair transplants is a thing of the past. The fact is modern hair transplant physicians know the importance of using grafts containing one, two, or three hairs to create a natural hairline. But how many procedures will you need? Many doctors are still taking patients they cannot come back again and again for procedures of 100 or 200 grafts at a time. At the New Hair Institute, we pioneered the Fast-Track® technique where we can transplant thousands of individual grafts in a single session. This means we can perform a complete restoration in only one or two office procedures. Today, we do as many as 3,000 grafts per session. A hair restoration of this size would normally up to 40 surgeries using the old techniques.

Take a look at patient PH in the photo above. Before his NHJ session he had the look of a holding tank. Then, after only one session of 1,745 grafts, he was on his way, the larger picture shows him 7 months after the one procedure.

At the New Hair Institute, we are proud of the work we do and the innovations we have introduced in the hair transplant field. We realize, however, that the patient is our most important judge. That's why we encourage you to do your homework. We believe you have a right to ask questions to see real patient results, and, most importantly, to be given a realistic assessment of what you can expect from a hair transplant procedure.

Our education program is simple and straightforward. We offer you three informative books on hair, balding, and today's options for hair transplantation and other hair restoration methods. We provide you with a free video so you can see our results and learn about the actual procedure. For more detailed information, we offer the chance to see patients up close, we conduct free sessions across the nation. These sessions are a great way to ask questions, have questions answered, and see several patients in different stages of the hair restoration process. Most importantly, we provide prospective patients with a private consultation in our offices with the doctor. Only a qualified doctor can tell you exactly what you need, and that's why, at the New Hair Institute, you won't meet with any fast talking salesman. After a brief introduction, you will meet with the doctor for a personal assessment of your needs.



Patient PH before and 7 months after 1 session of 1,745 grafts

Frequently Asked Questions About Hair Transplants.

Q. How do I know if I'm a candidate for hair transplantation?

A. The only way to know for certain is to meet with a doctor who specializes in hair transplantation, but it's safe to say that the majority of men who suffer from male pattern baldness are candidates for this procedure.

Q. Why will the transplanted hair grow in the same areas where the old hair died?

A. It is important to understand that there is nothing wrong with the scalp in the balding areas. It's the actual hair follicles which were genetically programmed to die. The hairs on the back of your head are "permanent" hairs and will grow for the rest of your life in the new location.

Q. I've talked with several hair transplant doctors, and their techniques all vary. How do I know which doctor to choose?

A. We suggest you always look for:

1. A doctor who specializes in hair transplant procedures full-time.
2. A doctor who uses the smallest grafts possible (1-3 hairs).
3. A doctor who can complete the restoration in the fewest number of procedures, by placing large numbers of tiny grafts in each procedure. It should require no more than 1 or 2 visits.
4. A doctor who is willing and proud to introduce you to his patients, who are, in turn, proud to be seen.
5. A Medical Group that is a recognized leader in the state-of-the-art techniques.

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for more information. All callers will receive three instructive books and our informative video FREE.



MUSIC

Mark Jacobson

Symphony for a Hanging

FIRST THERE IS ONLY the whistle, a solitary banch pushed from raised lungs into the sun-baked desolation. Then the low-tum, a dull rumble on the horizon. The harmonica is next, plaintively announcing the approach of doom. Finally, the guitar, a jagged twang across the cordon sky, a sour trudge the brain.

There they stand: Van Cleef, the bad, to his right, dandy old Eli Wallach, the ugly there, finally, Clem, the Man with No Name, the Good, a distinctly elusive term in this trio. The three stand in a stone circle, fingers touching to triggers. The trapdoor swings. When the count steps, someone will be dead.

Enrico Mazzoni, the Italian composer whose four hundred or so movie scores are amply represented on the new double CD *A Field of His Music* (Naxos), did not invent the movie trailer; it only seems that way. Nevertheless, Mazzoni—whose spaghetti-western work with director Sergio Leone on films like *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly* has to be among the most spectacular sight-and-sound collaborations of the last twentieth century—has been responsible for his share of scoretography, medleys and other Beethoven's Fifth Symphony operas, might be the biggest purveyor of it, but when it comes to pop, outside of the bizarre trailer that opens the Bolling Stevens' "Scorcher," there are few motifs in Mazzoni's "vast, lush-awfulness."

Unlike the purveyors of bloated ne-Wagnerran movie scores who preceded him, Mazzoni grabbed the Hank Williams songbook whole and didn't mind copping from such tunes as "It's My Party." In return, owing to the vast popularity of the Leone/Wallace partnership among generations of hipsters, Mazzoni has earned an entire spectrum of theoretical, academic rock's roll. Is it possible to imagine U2, or Iron Butterfly, for that matter, without Mazzoni's spiciest Scores and Deaths? No way black Sabbath conjures those mortal chords without the big-sharp dynamics of the One upon a Time in the West score. "Man with a Harmonica," Mazzoni might

have swiped like from Dick Dale or the Ventures, but when he was done, a million garage guitarists were copying the solo Alessandro Alessandrinis played to accompany Clem's squat cry. Mazzoni's postmodern credentialed as seriously authenticated by instrumentals such as John Zorn's *The Big Gundown* (Nonesuch), on which downtown subversives Bill Frisell, Domenica Galati, and Vernon Reid play honky-

tono enthusiasts claim that by creating the sonic equivalent of the iconic Eastwood (among other bollens), Zorn provided the soundtrack for a curiously violent of macho that resonates to this day. Separation concerns are, thankfully, beyond the scope of this column, but is it difficult to envision a seventeen-year-old (or fifty-year-old) potential stock boy hearing the music of John Wilkes or Danny Elkins in his head while robbing but self-consecrating sex?

This isn't to say *Field of His Music* is all of a piece. Mazzoni worked on a variety of pictures, and there is some very strange stuff here. John Baier's revision of the classic song for *The Ballad of Daves and Vespa*—that's a strange. During the five minutes of shattering woe-symphony from the mouth of sidewalk-singer Dario Argento's *The Ballad with the Crystal Flamingo*, too, too few, is the sole chanteuse Paola's *Madame i' the Moon*, in which Dominique Madrigal, organique of "Volon," sings the same lit of crudie, down to the amateur edge.

In the end, though, it comes back to the blackness of the American West, as mythologized by cigarette smoking Cimarron. Rousset. Like the opening sequence to *He's a Big Dolla Man*. At first, there's nothing, just the hollies plain, a whisper of the dry wind. Far off, a man comes riding, a speck on the landscape. A shot rings out. The unknown rider falls off his horse, shot by an unseen assailant. He lies there, an obscuring sagebrush on the desert. Only then does Mazzoni look in the smoking joe's hand, the dirring drum, the guitar, the guitar, and, on top of it all, the laughing who-ho-ho. What an epiphany.

The Lance Line

Bew (sub) and not had this month

G-ma, make a lot (play). Don't know rag, but I know what I like. "Lead Man's Point of View" is the best take on the topic since William Holden's merried Jimmy's *Breakfast at Tiffanys* in a pool.

Vi (cheers), in the *Actor News* (Cesar) Hotel. Could this be as good as *West of Memphis*? One of the top ten records of the 1960s? *Wishbone* (new (play) look) songs from the master of *Rebelde*, Gennaro.

Laura Brothers, *When I Am* (Avi Avital & The Twenty-Sixth cuts from the greatest brother duet ever also from the cool *Star* & *The Stratocaster* Double, the release of the year, is a staggering display of musical jazz from guitarist Jimmy Bryant and masterful Spudsy West.

The Seal of Black Peru (Luisito Boyd). A collection of heartbreakin', weepie-making waltzies from the heart.

At Times—the *80 Records* (Jeff Tramm (Eliot Buff) Al Green might have been a look of a front man, but the second line here hasn't had, neither

DISCOVER SOMETHING STARTLING ABOUT LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION...

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BOOKS

Will Blythe

Proud to Be an Ugly American

The secret of the dissatisfied is to appear as dumb as his audience so that other people can believe themselves as smart as he.

—KAREN KANNUS

AMONG THE CLASSIC PERIODICALS of American journalism is that of the pseudo tribe—the sort of fake populist writer who ventures out into the world with a proud and burly ignorance, who parades around his know-how—recognition as a sign of his independence from intellectual fashion. The pseudo tribe may actually be dumb, but in the spirit of brotherhood he proceeds to even be dumber than he is. He affects a kind of subversive innocence, a Tupperware populism. He festers his readers by replicating these deficiencies. If they're uneasy about foreigners, he turns on the xenophobia. If they don't like the Clintons, by God, he hates them. And aren't those Iraqis, Kuwaitis, Mexicans, et al kind of funny after all just between us?

These days, writing as liberals or Washington types or conservatives—or, better, all three at once—can make a pseudo tribe very rich indeed. Witness the case of a writer who is many things—she yahoo! V. S. Naipaul, the Lewis Ginzberg of the seven '80s, the Bush Lamborghini with sand flail-sabers, the "furry" conservative (forresters create a program) used to prove how "wild and crazy" they can really be—by the far-right party people herself, P. J. O'Rourke, bestselling author. His new book—*Age and Grade* (New York, Random, and a Red House [Arbiter] Monthly Press], a ramshackle collection of oddities accumulated during the last twenty-five years that includes everything from spoofs of avant-garde theater to right-wing moral disquisitions—creates readers to the rather macabre spectacle of the older, wiser (read: more liberal), downright hippie O'Rourke, in essence, trying to best him to death with a golf club.

Now, let's admit right off that he can be funny—the focus based on his druggy years originally published in *Minimal Lampoon* in the '70s is a slim historical. And let's also acknowledge that it's not quite as much fun attacking a writer who has the good taste to attack himself first, as O'Rourke occasionally does. Considering his short mope as a practitioner of concise poetry (grammar examples such as "A Room About Nothing" at All Are Included), O'Rourke states: "I would say that, as a poet, I had talent in the graphic arts, and in a graphic arts, I was quite the poet." Such modesty is quite winning, and quite逗.

On the other hand, to trace the trajectory of O'Rourke's career during the last quarter century is to discern his evolution from shell-shocked ignoramus to amazing, self-destroying critic of left-wing foibles to shell right-wing ignoramus. He has never been a particularly subtle historian, no matter what wing he's assailing, as this excerpt from "Why I Loved Cambodia, by Richard Milhous Nixon," originally published in the Baltimore underground newspaper *Harry* makes perfectly clear: "Now being president is a really hairy thing. It's like being a very big hogster, like doing deals for five or six hundred kilos every day.... You have to deal with really heavy cats. This swineback that held the job before me had some fucked-up way going down...." And so on.

There is at least a certain kind of goodness (good) to have been the (poor) in these wedging-pieces that disappears from the later work. In fact, some of the more recent dispatches composed with Billary settled in the White House, deep with the sprit of a writer on success, especially when O'Rourke is presenting to the converted in such hallowed publications as *The American Spectator*. Take, for instance, the following assault with a blunt instrument on—exactly—liberals: "Let's face facts about our disgusting political opponents," he pens. "We've been nice to liberals for too long. They're floggs." A goodish person should no more tolerate the presence of a liberal than the presence of a member of the Ku Klux Klan. Indeed, it may be argued that liberalism is worse than the KKK master as Kluxers only have some people while liberals have them all. "Liberalism distorts, abhors, and gloats upon the human being." I couldn't help but notice that among the people named in O'Rourke's acknowledgements were many liberal authors whose positions were not only tolerated but thanked.

You'd think that a car review would be an apolitical occasion, but O'Rourke manages to turn a 1994 piece for *Automobile* into a life-and-death on Green dweebs, cosmic boozes, wife nannies, and, well, you know. After rapping up a test in gaff for the gamblers he is among, he giggles: "How could we be so wimpy of moral resources, so goddamn in every way? Didn't we feel bad? Do we look like liberals?"

By the anthology's close, O'Rourke's habit of using liberals and their ilk as the punch lines for increasingly wild jokes has all the high potential of a Korsakoff. This is unfortunate because in the short stories and editorial notes make obvious, when he takes off that silly Republican party smiley suit, P. J. O'Rourke is a very funny writer indeed. He shouldn't have to rely on our political allegiances in order to make us laugh. ■

M.R. PEEPERS, ESQ.

[continued from page 94] find one ever
wants a mate and stand there flailing
in a crowd when he is visiting America.

"The next stage is to make the
handsome man, a man with a light
tan who goes to the gym. Not
to make him look ridiculous, not to
make him look like Mr. Celskai,
but something a little more amaz-
ing. A man who is the head of an
empire, the classic man, and Ar-
man, running of course, himself."

For instance, he has been making
up colors such as pale aqua and drabbie ble-
we-wool cape suits, leather-
leather Bernadettes, sleeveless
shirts, paleo pants, over-
arts, and slanting, low-cut
sweatshirts, "so the effect is
an masculine but more ca-
usal, more playful—to pre-
serve the form but loosen
and deconstrict the look."

"The colors are very
horrendous," he said. "Not
beige, but colors of sky
and down, pale panta and
brights, black and white
with contrast—for insta-
ce to date, he said, picking
out a pair of cape trousers
with black-and-white horizontal stripes.

The shape—strong shoulders. The
shape—sometimes a shape that moves
The idea is to wear a classic jacket with
something underneath, not so dressed
up, so contrary, the formality of the
jacket you don't need anymore."

He was thinking of related comis-
sions like men wearing blazers with
suits, so the bottom half does the top,
and the man emerges half a ribbed,
which is all most men can handle.

"That's what I do—something new
but not too bizarre," he said. "That is
the first time I am grasping the clothes.
When you see it, it looks classic, but
when you touch it, it is not classic at all
but revolutionary. Very masculine but
with softness."

That night, the clothes flowed.
There were gentleman things that be-
longed to all those from the land of
achieved bodies. Arman had a soft, gal-
lant shape in the front.
These were belted backs
and backs with stems.
The clothes came out, as
he had promised, in
groups: navy and cream,
gray, stripes, white suits,
gold pants, sweaters cut
way down to show the
chisel peer. When the
top was tight, the bottom
was fluid, and vice versa.
There were details such
as woven leather belts and
buttons on some sweater
cuffs. He made a black
leather T-shirt that didn't look wacked
or cheap. Each Arman was so
spare and compleat that it makes
one wonder what it was to
value it.

Even before he took to his masters, Arman had always seemed buoyant, a sort of good cheer—organized and disciplined enough to make collections of that scope seem effortless.

Georgia Ar-
man's clothes are
plus themselves. Once, during the sea-
son of male pleasure, when a lot of the
models were smoking on the runway,
Arman told me, "When the clothes
speak, you don't need cigarettes."

They spoke this night, and twelve
hundred people used to applaud.
Then seventy-five of the handsewn
men in the world, all wearing white
Arman paper jackets, leaped on the
runway, closing the curtain. Arman
came out, arms raised. On this mighty
night, with the evening sun still
warming the old factory he was
shorts, the kind of thing he might
wear on the island Paestaria. Some-
times, when you are in love with what
you do, it brings you an empire and a
house on an island. Beauteous as in



Bat-wax special: long-
waisted and slightly springy.



Kentucky,
home of the
nation's
most treasured
reserves.

We understand
Fort Knox
is there, too.



WILD TURKEY

101 proof, real Kentucky

Wild Turkey® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
50% alc./vol. (101 proof). ©1985 James B. Beam Distilling Co., Louisville, KY 40208. Always drink responsibly.



Julie Baumgold

Armani Explains It All

PAT RILEY IS SOONER approved as the tall man walk out on the floor, Jeremy Irons draws his fingers together and looks dazed and haunted. Dab Mazar smiles and studies the clothes, as does Stephen, the youngest Baldwin, who is wearing a white suit with a certain edgy look. Most of them have been blown in by the massive PR arm of the Armani empire to sit in the front row and be photographed with little in common but their celebrity and their new Armani.

This was once an old seed factory in Milan. The kind of place that had broken glass and pigeons flying through—musketsはじめて、音が立つ。音が立つ。音が立つ。

Giorgio Armani shows his in Milan, and everyone waits for Armani. They will through the other shows as two men in purple suits saunter down the runway—smashed together in a pelvic lock, bending and dipping on their Cuban heels. They were as others walk by in orange shirts, wearing French trousers or leather portfolios. They wait in vacant room sections and palaces for Armani to make sense of the season, promises never kept.

"Excuse me, I am a little bit late," Giorgio Armani said to me that morning before the show. He was wearing a black T-shirt that forgive me sins because there were no sins to forgive. His arms were firm and muscled, his color gold, his stomach so taut that those of the models who would show four hundred Armani "cuts"—as they are called—that night I was wearing a black T-shirt, too. To be wearing the same thing as Giorgio Armani gives

an indescribable feeling of fashion anxiety. His T-shirt seemed to be saying that if you wear the simplest thing, your own beauty can emerge unpeeled, there is nothing to fight it. It is the truth of you.

The factory had become an empty theater with twelve hundred sandwich white-arm suits looking down on the lighted runway, the same simple, black-and-white decor of the space he outgrew. Armani led the way backstage, bouncing along on the sneakers he has taken to wearing since he turned forty.

He weaved his way through the ranks of his men's upstairs audience. He searched and rubbed the fabrics between his fingers and had me feel them. They felt light and crisp, like the kinds of clothes that might just fit in one shape. He held out a pocket stuffed with a bit of tissue paper "to make it living," as he said. The materials were weightless, all the colors looked as though they had been mixed with cream. He seemed to be a man completely in love with what he does.

"A great deal of work," he said, and he happily agreed. He is closing a large summer collection so full that large spaces. The collection is "at ever, always my style," he said. That much copied style means simplicity and order. It takes fierce restraint to make what is doing look as though it had always been that way. Now he's moving closer to the body his clothes once avoided.

For twenty years, it has been the right style for a more informal world, a style so familiar that one can forget Armani is the man who changed the way men dress—with clothes that were subtle and reassuringly expensive. No (continued on page 172)



Waiting for Armani: The last man to show in Milan takes a low-key before-his-kneeling models

PHOTOGRAPH BY LECCA

—MAN'S GUIDE to buying DIAMONDS

ARE YOU *one of the TWO MILLION* victims of engagement ring anxiety?



➊ Relax. Guys simply are not supposed to know this stuff. Dads rarely say "Son, let's talk diamonds."

➋ But it's still your call. So read on.

➌ Spend wisely. It's tricky because no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago and found in the most remote corners of the world, rough diamonds are sorted by DeBeers' experts into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be aware of what you are buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.

➍ Learn the jargon. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called **4Cs**. They are: ① not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets or flat surfaces are angled. A better cut often more brilliance; ② actually, close to no color is best; ③ the fewer natural marks or "inclusions" the better; ④ the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.

➎ Determine your price range. What do you spend on the one woman in the world who is smart enough to marry you? Most people use the **two weeks' salary guideline**. Spend less and the relatives will talk. Spend more, and they'll rave.

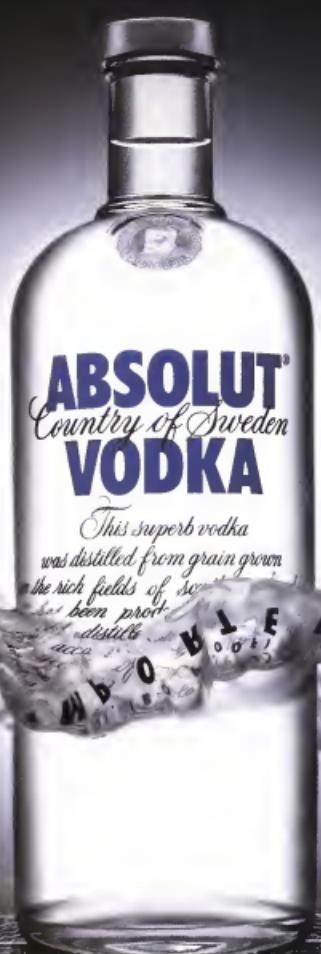
➏ Watch her as you browse. Go by how she reacts, not by what she says. She may be reluctant to tell you what she really wants. Then once you have an idea of her taste, don't involve her in the actual purchase. You both will cherish the memory of your surprise.

➐ Find a reputable jeweler, someone you can trust to ensure you're getting a diamond you can be proud of. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. Avoid Joe's Matress & Diamond Discounters.

➑ Learn more. For the booklet, *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give,"* call the American Gem Society, representing fine jewelers upholding gemological standards across the U.S., at 800-341-6214.

➒ Finally, think romance. And don't compromise. This is one of life's most important occasions. You want a diamond as unique as your love. Besides, how else can two months' salary last forever?

Diamond Information Center
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